

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## THE ISLAND OF A DREAM.

To T. M. P.

The street is black and drear to-night,  
The rain comes rushing down;  
In gusty red the lamplight flares  
Within a nimbus brown.  
God pity now the homeless ones  
Within the cruel town.

So dense the gloom, so dark the night,  
So thick the driving rain,  
No star compassionate can view  
The city in its pain;  
Yet, lulled within the firelight's glow,  
My vision comes again.

\* \* \* \* \*

White sails across the harbor-bar  
Speed, speed me fast to sea.  
Know ye not in the Blessed Isle  
My comrades wait for me?  
And I would greet in old, old tryst  
The golden company.

O'er the great waters crystalline  
So speedily we sail,  
The red gold of the living sun,  
The dead moon's silvery pale,  
Flash on my eye from hour to hour  
Till lo! the Isle I hail.

I stand upon its shining sands,  
My comrades round me press.  
After the years of sordid care,  
The cark of fate's duress,  
I come unto my own again  
In life's young eagerness.

Once more I meet the men I loved  
In the dear days long syne,  
The tried and chosen brotherhood  
Who once were kith of mine.  
The oath of the old fraternity  
Is still a pledge divine.

We talk again of the ardent days,  
The glow of sparkling nights,  
Tourney of wits in revelry  
And jousts of smiling fights,  
Grasping with grave-eyed happiness  
The zest of past delights.

Night blooms with many a myriad  
stars  
Over the Blessed Isle;

The haunting scent of its orange-  
groves

Exhales for mile on mile;  
The sapphired pearl of its sleeping  
bay  
Is rippled with a smile.

The feast is laid in the banquet-hall,  
The guests are summoned there,  
Joyous but low the minstrelsy  
Thrills in the rose-tinged air;  
The wine is red as the Flame of Life  
In the days when the world was fair.

With laughter and song we find again  
The heart of the Secret Rose:  
We rise to the toast of the Brother-  
hood;  
The Gates of Pearl unclose.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fire is out, the dawn has come,  
How chill the morning blows!

*L. J. McQuilland.*

The New Witness.

## LONE DOG.

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild  
dog, and lone,  
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting  
on my own,  
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly  
sheep,  
I love to sit and bay the moon to keep  
fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty  
feet,  
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for  
my meat,  
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled  
plate,  
But shut door, and sharp stone, and  
cuff, and kick, and hate.

Not for me the other dogs running by  
my side,  
Some have run a short while, but none  
of them would bide,  
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard  
trail, the best,  
Wide wind, and wild stars, and the  
hunger of the quest!

*Rutherford McLeod.*

The Nation.

## THE BALKAN POLICY OF THE HABSBURG EMPIRE.

The shocking tragedy enacted at Serajevo on the 28th of June has drawn the attention of the whole world more closely to the Balkan policy of the Habsburg Empire than has been the case since the annexation crisis. Austria-Hungary stands in the foreground of the Balkan events, and it is these that will determine the fate of the Monarchy. The decisive battles will probably not be fought in the Balkan peninsula, but very far away; nevertheless, the occasion for the great struggle was furnished by the Balkans, the Pandora-box that has always brought misfortune to Europe. The assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne forms in any case a landmark. For the Monarchy, the future alone will show whether it is a direction-post or a gravestone. But assuredly this tragic event affords an opportunity for making a critical survey of Austria's Balkan policy.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the year 1866 Austria had at one stroke forfeited her position in Germany and Italy. Since its recovery was permanently barred, there remained for the political development of Austria only the Balkans, and thither she transferred the centre of gravity of her policy. Count Andrassy, the first Austrian Minister who understood the East as the goal of his efforts, pursued the new line of policy with skill and energy. He left to the dangerous rival, Russia, a free hand in the Balkans up to a certain point, prudently refusing to take part in the war against Turkey in 1877, watching coolly and closely whilst Russia was bleeding to death at the Shipka Pass and before Plevna, until her army, in spite of its vast superiority, was only

saved by the effective aid of the brave Roumanians from the shame of yielding to the almost unpaid, badly fed, and badly clothed hosts of the Sultan. But when Russia, over-confident in her final success, wished to partition the Balkan peninsula according to her own fancies, and to set up there a branch establishment under the Bulgarian firm, Andrassy raised emphatic objection, and the Empire of the Tsar, unable after the sacrifices of the campaign to enforce by arms its far-reaching demands, was obliged to submit the extremely favorable treaty of San Stefano to a drastic revision at the Berlin Congress. This led to the complete retreat of Russia, and the decisive success of Austria-Hungary, who was entrusted by the Great Powers, at the prompting of Lord Salisbury, with a mandate to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina. This occupation was indeed in form merely provisional, but none of those who took part in the Congress (the Turkish delegates perhaps excepted) doubted that it would be permanent, and that it was really a question not of occupation but of annexation. Bismarck indeed, as well as Beaconsfield, left it open to Andrassy to proceed at once to annexation; Russia had already done this, in order to win Austria for her own Balkan purposes. But Andrassy made no use of this permission; indeed, he allowed himself in a secret understanding with the Turkish delegates to declare the provisional character of the occupation, and to acknowledge *verbis expressis* the suzerainty of the Sultan over the occupied territories—a concession which was later bitterly to avenge itself, and which seriously dimmed the brilliance of Andrassy's Eastern policy. In any case, however, the mandate given to Austria-Hungary indicated a triumph

of Andrassy over Gortschakow, for whilst Russia after the sanguinary losses of the Balkan campaign came home with empty hands, Austria-Hungary, merely by patiently awaiting the right moment, had received a substantial increase of territory.

The occupation was not carried out so simply and smoothly as had been hoped in Vienna, for the inhabitants, with the scarcely concealed support of the Turks, offered an obstinate resistance; but the brave Imperial and Royal troops, in spite of terrible privations and labors due to the character of the land, succeeded in a relatively short time in overcoming the insurrection. Austria-Hungary extended the occupation merely to Bosnia and Herzegovina, and made but limited use of her treaty right to occupy also the Sandschak of Novi Bazar by placing a few small garrisons in the northern portion, and leaving the rest of the province to Turkey. For what reason this restraint was exercised is not fully clear; the philistine "Kirchturmpolitik" of the Parliaments of Vienna and Budapest may have played a part; in their shortsightedness they were throughout averse to any great policy, and would at first have nothing to do with the occupation; it was thus highly probable that they would have refused their consent to any further advance of the Imperial and Royal troops into the Balkans. Probably scarcely anyone from outside would have dared to hinder them if they had marched further "au delà de Mitrovitza." It was indeed anticipated in Europe that the Monarchy would take this important step, and so ensure access to a second sea; but the step was not taken, things were left as they were. The Monarchy contented itself with bestowing upon the occupied territory the benefits of Western civilization. The inhabitants displayed at first no great appreciation; 3½

years after the occupation (at the beginning of 1882) there broke out in the south-western portion of the territories and in the adjoining districts of Dalmatia (Krivostije) a dangerous insurrection, which if successful would have meant for the Monarchy not only the loss of the occupied lands, but of its whole influence in the Balkan States. Thanks to effective military measures, the movement was nipped in the bud, a task which involved for the troops in an inhospitable land and in an unfavorable season of the year (January, February, and March) the endurance of extraordinary hardships.

The following twenty-five years passed in peace, and the occupied territories were regarded by all the world as belonging to the Monarchy just as, for example, the adjacent Dalmatia.

Then, in July, 1908, the Young Turk revolution broke out in Constantinople, and this moved Baron von Aehrenthal, who was at that time in charge of the foreign affairs of the Monarchy, definitely to declare the territories hitherto in form merely occupied, as henceforth annexed, whilst he simultaneously restored to the Porte the Sandschak of Novi Bazar. He did this because of the possibility that the Young Turks, dreaming of the renaissance of the Ottoman Empire, and supported by the agreement of Count Andrassy which expressly admitted the provisional character of the occupation, might seek to give effect to their claims upon Bosnia and Herzegovina. Although this declaration involved a merely formal change in the situation—the territory had been in fact for thirty years in the possession of the Monarchy—a storm arose in every direction, as if Count Aehrenthal had committed God knows what crime against the law of nations, and there began against Austria a political demonstration almost without parallel.



Russia, England, France, Turkey, Servia, Montenegro, assailed her, and vied with one another in the effort to frighten her by wild threatenings and demonstrative sabre-rattlings, so as to induce her to rescind the annexation. Italy also, untroubled by her own alliance with the Monarchy, but concerned for the acquisition of Trieste and Southern Tyrol, and believing that the time had come when this cherished desire might be fulfilled, joined in the chorus of enmity. Only the German Empire held true. In view of the storm around her, Austria-Hungary consented, contrary to her original declaration, to pay Turkey 54½ million kronen for the annexed territories; but she refused to gratify her adversaries by sounding a retreat, and held firmly to her will, ignoring the hullabaloo of the Servians, who were raging like madmen, and refusing to be misled by the threats of the Powers of the Triple Entente and Italy. This astonished the whole of Europe, for since the retirement of Andrassy it had not been usual for Austria-Hungary to announce a will of her own. In the eyes of Europe, Austria-Hungary was an easy-going uncle to everybody, who nodded friendly applause to all that others decided, and with hands lying idly on his knees looked on smiling benevolently whilst they parted the world among them. This agreeable person, after his habitual "yes," had dared to utter an exceedingly emphatic "no," and to defy the will of half Europe. This astonished and angered the adversaries, but impressed them, and they found it advisable to calm down. Russia, still aching in all her bones from the war with Japan, and obliged to remember the revolution only just over, paid heed to her jagged sword; and Italy, too weak to act without the assistance of Russia, laid aside for another occasion the already printed summonses to the colors and

mobilization placards.<sup>1</sup> England and France had no mind to bear the burden of war alone.

Thus Austria-Hungary could have had a free hand in the Balkans to clear up matters, by bringing home sharply to Servia that a Balkan State of its low civilization might not with impunity indulge in such amazing language as had been used all through the crisis against a Power of the status of Austria-Hungary. In other words: she should have annexed Servia. This was well within her rights, since it was the only means of bringing this troublesome and impudent brawler finally to silence, and, what is more important, of making an end of the dangerous agitation worked from Belgrade to detach her Southern Slavs, thus touching her very life. But it was not done. The Monarchy expressed its contentment with the formal satisfaction obtained with difficulty, and under pressure from the Serbs, and the Servian question remained uncleansed. Once more there was a half-way halt, as after the occupation, and the success that had been gained against a coalition of half Europe was thus deprived of its value.

That such lukewarmness and half-measures would avenge themselves, that the quarrel with the Servians would not be got rid of, must needs have been clear to everyone able and willing to see; and not less clear was it that the prospect would change every year to the disadvantage of the Monarchy, since Servia obtained opportunity to prepare herself at leisure for the coming struggle, and to be fully armed when the signal for conflict should be given on the Neva. The public at large refused to attend to these

<sup>1</sup> As a matter of fact, these summonses to the colors—merely redated—were used in the Tripoli War. Some of these documents, interesting as to Italy's faithfulness to allies, have found their way to Austria, and brought incontrovertible proof that Italy was ready in the year 1909 to fall upon her ally in the rear if this ally had been attacked from the other side (Russia, Servia).

far from encouraging considerations, and the leading papers of Vienna celebrated Aehrenthal, now advanced in rank from *Freiherr* to *Graf*, with a veritable Jericho-blast of trumpets as the "Austrian Bismarck," whilst all adverse critics were condemned as "instigators of war."

The annexation of Tripoli set the avalanche rolling in the Balkans. The death-struggle of the "sick man" of the Bosphorus began. Like a pack of hungry wolves the Balkan States flung themselves upon him, in order to tear in pieces his feeble body. The Powers looked on inactively—those same Powers, be it noted, that at the beginning of the struggle had put forth their indisputable and grandiose declaration that the *status quo* in the Balkans must unconditionally be preserved. Since, however, the Balkan peoples did not turn back, they put a pleasant face on the situation, and oracularly declared: The Balkans for the Balkan peoples.

Austria-Hungary also agreed, though she ought to have reflected that the extension and strengthening of Southern Slavism at the cost of Turkey might give a dangerous character to the South Slavonic question, so delicate for the Monarchy, and might conjure up the severest conflict, was indeed bound to do so. And not only did she look on at the butchery of Turkey, she permitted without a word the occupation of the Sandschak of Novi Bazar by Montenegro and Servia—the very Sandschak that she had restored to Turkey in the year 1908 under the presupposition that it should remain a Turkish possession. By the occupation of the Sandschak the two Balkan peoples had definitely shut the gate leading to Salonika in the face of the Monarchy. And the Monarchy was silent! Not, as was believed, for fear of a conflict with these two States, or for fear of Russia, but because her

hands were tied, since the Triple Alliance had been renewed by Italy in the year 1887 solely under the condition that every extension of the sphere of influence of Austria-Hungary in the Balkans should give Italy the right to demand compensation. If, therefore, the Monarchy had occupied the Sandschak in the autumn of 1912 Italy would not have delayed an instant in making herself mistress of the Albanian coast. To this peril Austria-Hungary dared not expose herself, for then the Adriatic would have become an Italian sea—as is indeed the ambition of the Italians—and the Imperial and Royal fleet would have been enclosed in a trap of which Italy held the key. To avoid this issue, Austria-Hungary preferred to leave the Sandschak to the Servians and Montenegrins, and to permit the way to Salonika to be barred against her. But having looked on calmly whilst the Balkan peoples parcelled out the Turkish Empire, she has put the closure on her Balkan policy.

When Count Aehrenthal in the autumn of 1910 uttered the significant word in the presence of the Austrian delegations: "*Wir sind saturiert*," he perhaps did not bethink himself that he was passing sentence of death upon the political future of his country. A British Minister would probably never have uttered so unskilful a word, though in the mouth of an Englishman it would have had a much larger justification, as the British Empire with its enormous extent might have sufficient reason for satisfaction with what it comprised, which is large enough, almost too large, to rule without danger; nevertheless, no English statesman would say "We have enough, and desire nothing more"; and if opportunity for the acquisition of territory should present itself, England would again lay hands on it, as she has done before. It would be foolish to object,

for one cannot measure politics to the standard of a retail trader's everyday morality; and it is precisely to the fact that she has never attempted this that England especially owes her power. But if even a world-empire like the British is not "saturiert," how can a State like Austria-Hungary speak of being so—a State that (alone among the Great Powers) possesses not a single colony? In the mouth of an Austrian statesman such a phrase is therefore an absurdity and at the same time almost a crime, for it has given grounds of hope to those who deem the Habsburg Empire withered and near to death. They must say to themselves: A State which itself declares that it strives after no further external development, which stands still in the great rivalry of the States and peoples, and contents itself with the quiet passive rôle of an onlooker, such a State cannot permanently maintain itself *and must perish*. This will be the more readily believed, the more the downfall of the Monarchy is desired.

Of this downfall much has already been said. Let us look into the conditions and enquire what would be the consequences of the crumbling of this Empire for which so many long, and in what fashion the partition would proceed. Now the enemies of the Monarchy, external and internal, would be in no embarrassment for an answer, and would promptly undertake the division—on paper. The Alpine lands, Bohemia and Moravia, would fall to the German Empire, Galicia and Bukovina to Russia, the Southern Tyrol to Italy, the south Slavonic lands to the great Croation or Great Servian Empire then to arise, Siebenburgen to Roumania. Hungary would be able to realize her national dream and become independent. This is so far exceedingly simple and apparently quite logical and practical, but only on paper. Translated into reality, this partition

would take a course notably less smooth and satisfactory.

As far as concerns the incorporation of the Alpine lands, Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, into the German Empire, the realization of this is well known to be the object of Pan-German desires, which aim at one Germany from the Belt to the Adriatic. They forget, however, strangely enough, that the extended "*Alldeutschland*" would absolutely not deserve that name, and would be in reality anything rather than a German National State. This incorporation would necessarily mean the inclusion of about eight million Slavs, Czechs in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, Poles in Silesia, and Slovenes in the southern Alpine lands, since the geographical configuration in itself would compel the German Empire to annex not only the German but also the Czech portions of Bohemia and Moravia, and the Slovene Hinterland of the Adriatic coast. This increase of eight millions would raise the number of Slavs in the German Empire to nearly twelve millions, and thus it would cease to be a National State. The realization of the Pan-German desires would therefore prove a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Pan-German idea. That, however, merely by the way. That these eight million Slavs who thus fell to Germany would resist such a fate with all their power, and that the Germans would be compelled to make great efforts to overcome them, needs no discussion; a glance at the cares and difficulties with which the German Government is already beset in regard to the three million Poles within the Empire is sufficient to indicate what would then have to be faced.

But this internal struggle is not the whole story. Germany would be compelled always to keep a large army in the annexed territories—even the German Alpine lands would scarcely accept with calmness the Prussian rule—

but she would also, through this extension of her authority from the Belt to the Adriatic, come into conflict with other Powers, since none of them would look on quietly, least of all Italy, who would see herself barred from the fulfilment of her longings for Trieste and the Austrian coast lands.

But not Italy alone would make her claims felt in this region. The southern Slavonic Empire, arising south of the Drave, would certainly have a word to say, and would stretch out a covetous hand towards Trieste and Pola. There would thus be three peoples to contend for this apple of strife on the Adriatic. The German Empire, strong as it is, would finally collapse before the united onslaught of half Europe, and chaos would extend immeasurably.

Much simpler would appear at first glance the annexation of Galicia by Russia; in reality, however, enormous difficulties would arise, since neither the Poles nor the Ruthenians would consent to it, and beyond doubt would in association with their kinsmen in Russia—the Poles also with those of Germany—seek for the founding of a Polish and a Ruthenian (Ukrainian) Empire, an attempt which in that region also would lead to sanguinary strife.

And the independent Kingdom of Hungary? . . . For it the prospect is dismal; its Ruthenian inhabitants would attach themselves to the Ruthenian Empire, its Roumanians to the kingdom of Roumania, its Croats and Serbs to the southern Slavonic State, whilst its Germans in the west of the land would fall to Germany with the Alpine lands. Thus there would be left of the Hungary of to-day but a sorry rump consisting of Magyars, Slovacks (in Northern Hungary) and scattered Germans—a rump that amidst the other States could not maintain itself.

And as for the States that appear

to come off well from the partition of Austria-Hungary: Roumania and the South Slavonic Empire would not long be able to rejoice in their booty, for the Roumanians must with Siebenburgen take over as part of the bargain about a million obstinate Magyars and Széklers, an increase that would undoubtedly keep them busy. In the South Slavonic State a struggle for supremacy would inevitably arise between the Catholic Croats and the Orthodox Serbs.

In a word, therefore, division and struggle in every end and corner, Europe in conflagration, a war of all against all—this would be the unavoidable consequence of the collapse of Austria-Hungary, the questionable result of the policy of partition.

Is further evidence needed after this survey, to demonstrate the political necessity of the Habsburg Empire? Can any mind that is not entangled in the nationalistic cobweb escape the compelling logic of the words of Palacky: That if Austria did not exist, she must needs be created. No less a person than Bismarck has confirmed this saying by the declaration: "What can be set up in that part of Europe which the Austrian State occupies from the Tyrol to Bukovina? New constructions on this site could only be of a continuously revolutionary nature."

Of the necessity of the Habsburg Empire every Habsburg prince is, of course, convinced; but in none of them was this conviction so firmly rooted as in the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who has been so cruelly snatched away. In him this idea was incorporate; he was in a certain sense the soul of the Empire. And for him it did not suffice that the Empire existed; he wished it to be strong and respected and to play a leading part on the world-stage. Prince Eugene of Savoy, Marlborough's famous comrade in arms, was his ex-

emplar; nor was it by mere accident that he had chosen as his residence the Belvedere Palace, built and once inhabited by Eugene. The political ideal before him was a *united* and great Austria, in which all nationalities should be able to work out their own salvation in their own way, but which should have only *one* head, the Emperor, and *one* heart, Vienna. The unnatural Siamese-twinship of dualism was obviously irreconcilable with this Imperialistic ideal.

That a man so completely filled with the sense of the significance of the Habsburg Empire was thoroughly discontented with the timid, anxious, feeble policy which the Monarchy had

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pursued since Andrassy, that consequently in Balkan politics he stood always on the side of energetic proceedings and firm insistence, is self-evident. If his hands had not been bound, he would probably long ago have put an end to the intriguing and provocative behavior of Servia. This was known in Belgrade, and therefore the opportunity of getting rid of a man so hated was not allowed to pass unused; gold and bombs were sent to Bosnia—unhappily not in vain. Although the bomb of the one assassin failed, the bullets of the other did not fail. And they have not only killed the heir to the throne and his consort; they have struck Austria to the heart.

Theodor von Sosnosky.

## A VANISHING VIRTUE.

It is a dictum of Burke's that the deep foundations of character, individual and national, are laid in things which "pass with the majority of men for a romance." Of the many profound sayings of that great political thinker, this is one of the most profound, and at the present time we have urgent need to apprehend it. There is one virtue which lies at the root of all greatness, personal and collective. And that virtue men are ceasing to believe in and to practise. They treat it as out of date; they regard it as a romance. It is the virtue of obedience.

The complete idea of man embraces the two concepts of personality and solidarity—they are two terms of one and the same idea. As an individual person, man belongs to himself. No man can possess the same authority over another that we possess over an inferior species. No man is simply a chattel. A *person* must never be used as if he were a mere thing. But man does not exist in isolation. "*Unus homo nullus homo.*" Society is to him what

the soil is to the plant. Hence the associations which incorporate individual persons in collective entities: the family, the tribe, the nation. Hence, too, the conception of humanity which is, in Pascal's phrase, "the human race considered as one man, continually existing and learning." But I am concerned, at present, not so much with mankind as a whole as with the societies, smaller or larger, in which we exist for the purposes of civilized life. Now the bond which knits them together is justice enforcing obedience through law. Hence the dictum of St. Augustine that the general pact of human society is to obey rulers: "*generale quippe pactum est humane societatis obedire regibus suis.*"<sup>1</sup>

And here we get to ethics. This bond by which the State unites men is a moral bond. The obligation of obedience to law is only the conception of moral good and moral evil, man-

<sup>1</sup> "Confess." l. iii. c. 8. I do not know whether Lord Tennyson had this passage in his mind when he wrote, in "Morte d'Arthur": "Seeing obedience is the bond of rule."



festing to the soul its necessity. That necessity is categorically imperative, to use the phrase of a great master. "The words 'I ought,'" writes Kant in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, "express a species of necessity which nature"—of course he means physical nature—"does not and cannot present to the mind of man. Understanding knows nothing in nature but that which is, or has been, or will be. It would be absurd to say that anything in nature *ought* to be other than it is, in the relations in which it stands: indeed, the word 'ought,' when we consider the course of nature, has neither application nor meaning. Whatever number of motives nature may present to my will, whatever sensuous impulses, it is beyond their power to produce the moral ought. The moral faculty enunciates laws which are imperative or objective laws of freedom, and which tell us what ought to take place, thus distinguishing themselves from the laws of nature, which relate to that which does take place."

Let us pursue the matter a little further. Whence does this ethical ought derive its sovereign and compelling power? From this, that it is the expression of supreme reason. There is an admirable saying of Goethe that morality is an everlasting search for an appeasement (*ein ewiger Friedensversuch*) between our personal claims (*Anforderungen*) and the laws of an invisible kingdom. This invisible kingdom is the realm of Eternal Law. That "nothing is that errs from law" is absolutely true. Consider the domain of the physical sciences. The very word science implies law. If the universe were the realm of chance, science could not exist. And the wider and the more exact our science, the profounder is our apprehension of the fact that throughout the physical universe law reigns, dominating the organic and the inorganic, the smallest things and the

greatest, the most complex and the simplest, the most mutable and seemingly capricious, and the apparently most fixed and stable, penetrating all spheres of knowledge, all realms of existence, all time and all space. Now the essence of law is necessity. And in the physical order this necessity is expressed by the word "must," a word borrowed, indeed, from the metaphysical order, for, in strictness, physics cannot get beyond the word "is." The laws of nature may, indeed, be regarded as necessary, but only *ex necessitate consequenti*, as the schoolmen say—that is, as proceeding from a necessary Being; as what they are, because He is what He is; as an expression of His supreme reason, as emanating from Him who is the truth, of whom all truth is part. And so viewed, they may be considered as divine, and precisely because they are divine do they dominate us.

But physical laws are not the only laws which rule us. Man is something more than matter in motion and belongs to another world than the physical. He belongs to that invisible kingdom of which Goethe speaks, and is subject to its laws. As physical law rules throughout the universe, so does moral. There is an ideal order of right, embracing and harmonizing all private rights, the ultimate foundation of all human justice, and binding upon the human conscience. It is founded on objective reason, and therefore it is universal, like the verities of mathematics. It is part of the nature of things. Its principles are the ultimate bases of right and duty, and it finds them beyond the phenomena of sense, by means of our imaginative faculty, in the inner world of consciousness, of volition, of finality. Independent both of theologies and theogonies, it claims obedience, not as an instrument of happiness or agreeable feeling, but as a thing absolutely good and an end in

itself. Such is the moral law, obedience to which is the condition of moral liberty, just as obedience to physical law is the condition of physical liberty. The rule of what should be, as distinct from what is, it is its own evidence, its own justification. And conscience is the entering into the individual of this objective law of right; its practical judgment or dictate; the witness in ourselves, written on the fleshly tables of the heart, in virtue of which man is what Aristotle called him, "an ethical animal." It is, Aquinas tells us, "the participation of the Eternal Law in the rational creature."

I am afraid that what I have just written has a somewhat scholastic sound. My apology must be that it is necessary to my argument. There are some writers of name—the late Sir Leslie Stephen was eminently seen among them—who have applied themselves to controverting the absurd proposition that the moral law is the creation of Christianity. It has always filled me with pity to see earnest and able men thus wasting time and energy in arguing about the shadow of an ass, as the old Greeks would have said. Assuredly, the moral law is not the creation of Christianity, and none of the great Catholic moralists have contended that it is. It is independent of that religion and of any other. But, as assuredly, Christianity came into the world as an apostle of the moral law, preaching it in ampler measure than mankind had before known, and investing it with diviner sanctions: exhibiting it as the key to the problems of existence: revealing the nature of its obligation which the wisest of the ancients had acknowledged but could not explain; pointing to it as the means whereby man

the nobler mastery learnt  
When inward vision over impulse  
reigned.

Christianity changed the lives of

men by changing the ideal of life, and it changed that ideal by proclaiming the supreme value of obedience. Henceforward the rule of action was not to be the individual will, perverse or corrupt, but the Divine Will, good and acceptable and perfect. St. Augustine sums it up in seven words: *Nolle quod volebam et velle quod volebas*. Christ was to be the Great Exemplar. To follow "the blessed steps of His most holy life" was "the system of moral discipline"—this phrase, too, is St. Augustine's—set before the neophyte. Now on that life, from beginning to end, obedience is written. His own last words, "Not My will but Thine," sum it up; and they became the law of His followers. On almost every page of the Epistles and Gospels there are indications of that unquestioning sacrifice of the individual will which dominated the primitive Christians. It is not too much to say that the virtue of obedience, which, indeed, in some sort involves all the others, was esteemed by them the highest. *Factus est obediens*: He became obedient—yes, unto death—it is written of the King; and this principle of obedience was to be the fundamental law of His subjects. In every relation of life, from the highest to the lowest, they were "bound to believe and to do." I need not dwell upon what is so familiar.

Thus did the new religion recreate the individual. And thus, too, did it create anew civil society. The true foundation of civil society—no other will be found enduring—is the family. Now the family rests upon marriage. And marriage rests upon the sexual instinct. Those of my readers who are familiar with Schopenhauer will doubtless remember a passage in which he enlarges, in Rabelaisian vein, on this truth—he calls it the pearl of his system. It is, as he presents it, a pearl fit to be thrown before swine. But

Kant had long before him written: "Nature pursues her vast design: beauty, modesty are only her instruments, nay, her baits." Such is the explanation—indubitably a correct one—of the attraction exercised over men by women, however pure and refined. It has been the work of reason and religion to invest this animal instinct for the perpetuation of life with an ideal character, and to make of it the great bulwark of civilized society, potent

Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought and amiable words,  
And love of truth and all that makes a man.

Yes: "the work of reason and religion." Reason had attained to the true norm of marriage, admirably stated in the jurisprudence of ancient Rome: "*Conjunctio maris et feminae et consortium omnis vitae: divini et humani juris communicatio.*" The Catholic Church consecrated, as holy matrimony, this lifelong and indissoluble union of two personalities, and proclaimed their spiritual equality, "for in Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female." But while insisting upon woman's spiritual equality with man, it insisted also on her economic subjection to him. The sexes are interdependent, but in the family the husband is king, and his wife is the first of his subjects—obedience her primal duty. St. Paul puts it with much emphasis: indeed he could hardly be more emphatic: "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord." The ground of that subjection is exhibited by Nature herself. It is both physical and psychical. I will not dwell upon the physical side of the matter, which

surely must be evident to all who will not shut their eyes to the most obvious lesson of woman's corporal constitution. But on the psychical side is it not as evident? Taking women in general, we assuredly must say that in them sentiment predominates over sense, imagination over reason: that in the logical and scientific faculties they are vastly inferior to men; that their emotions are strong, while their will is weak; that they are markedly deficient in the power of comprehending truth and justice under the pure form of principles and ideas apart from persons and things. Spiritually equal to man, woman, in these respects, is unequal, and in this inequality is the ground of her natural subjection to him. Yes, natural subjection, as has been pointed out by St. Thomas Aquinas, with his usual terseness and force.

There are two kinds of subjection [he writes]—one servile, the other economic or civil (*œconomica vel civilis*). The latter is the kind of subjection whereby woman is naturally subject to man, because of the larger discourse of reason which man naturally possesses.<sup>3</sup>

According, then, to the teaching with which the Catholic Church indocctrinated Christendom, the wife is the first of her husband's subjects in the little kingdom of the family. Her loyal obedience to him is a religious duty. The same duty was held by the new faith to be equally obligatory upon children. Here again Roman jurisprudence had anticipated Christian teaching. The doctrine of the *patria potestas*, however exaggerated in archaic times, is rooted and grounded in the nature of things, and, like the doctrine of marriage, was touched and hallowed by Christianity. The Church exhibited the father as the direct and indefensible representative of Him "of whom all paternity in

<sup>3</sup> The bible in these days is not so much read as it once was, so a further quotation from the Pauline injunctions to the Christians of Ephesus may not be amiss. As the Church is subject to Christ, so let wives be to their own husbands in everything. Let the wife see that she reverence her husband, or, as the Vulgate, more correctly rendering the Greek, has it, "uxor autem timeat virum suum."

<sup>4</sup> "Summa Theologiae," I. q. 92, a. 1, ad. 2.

heaven and earth is named,"<sup>4</sup> and as alone ruling by immediate divine right. His duty towards his children is declared to be the bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Their obedience to him is to be rendered, not grudgingly or as of necessity, not merely mechanically, but by a loving sacrifice of the individual will. Jeremy Taylor well observes, in *The Great Exemplar*:

A sacrifice without a heart was a sad and ominous presage in the superstition of the Roman augurs, and so it is in the service of God, for what the exhibition of a work is to man, that is the presentation of will to God. Without this our exterior service is like the paying of a piece of money in which we have defaced the image: it is not current.

Thus did Christianity recreate the family, by hallowing the virtue of obedience which is its binding tie. It did not owe to Christianity its religious character: no, it possessed that character already. But the Catholic Church transformed it by bringing it under "the obedience of Christ." The work of the Church for the State was similar. Of course, the politics which it found in the world rested upon religious sanctions. M. Fustel de Coulanges, in his *Cité Antique*, goes so far as to say—and, indeed, is perfectly warranted in saying—"the true legislator among the ancients was not man, but the religious belief which was in man." Hence the dictum of Plato that to obey the laws was to obey the gods. Law was merely religion regulating society. It had never entered into the minds of the sages of antiquity that an irreligious State could exist. The Catholic Church recreated the public order, as it had recreated the family. The existing sanctions of religion remained, but they were transformed. A community of Christians became a

Christian community; surely an eminently reasonable proceeding.

A State [Dr. Arnold observes] may as justly declare the New Testament to be its law as it may choose the institutes and code of Justinian. In this manner the law of Christ's Church may be made its law, and all the institutions which that law enjoins, whether in ritual or discipline, may be adopted as national institutions.<sup>5</sup>

That is just what the Catholic Church did in the Roman Empire, thereby forming Christendom. In the new order, as in the old, civil authority was emphatically clothed with the compelling majesty of religion. It was held to proceed from the *θεός νοῦς*, the Divine mind, which is the true foundation of human society. For such society, and not savage isolation, is natural to man, and is therefore to be attributed to the Author of nature. Not, of course, that civil rulers possess an immediate Divine right. Their power comes to them from its Divine source, *mediante populo*, whatever the form of the polity—largely a matter of indifference—in which it is exercised. In obedience to it, we obey the Great Original whose authority is stamped upon the mandates of the magistrate, upon the statutes and ordinances of a realm. For the true source of the legislation whereby we live as civilized men is not arbitrariness or caprice.

A human law [St. Thomas Aquinas teaches] bears the character of law so far as it is in conformity with right reason, and, in that point of view, it is manifestly derived from the Eternal Law. But inasmuch as any human law recedes from reason, it is called a wicked law, and, to that extent, it bears not the character of law, but of an act of violence.<sup>6</sup>

Or, as he elsewhere puts it:

Laws enacted by man are either just or unjust. If they are just, they have

<sup>4</sup> Such is the Vulgate reading of the verse in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

<sup>5</sup> "Introductory Lectures on Modern History," p. 53.

<sup>6</sup> "Summa Theologica," 1, 2, q. 93, a. 3, ad. 2.



a binding force in the Court of Conscience from the Eternal Law whence they are derived. Unjust laws are not binding in the Court of Conscience, except perhaps for the avoiding of scandal or turmoil.<sup>7</sup>

The obedience, then, which, according to Christian teaching, is due to the civil ruler, is by no means unlimited. It is conditioned by the higher authority of that internal judge whose sentences of right and wrong are irreformable—Conscience, which is "the consciousness of God." No grosser blasphemy is conceivable than Mayor Bailly's claim, upon a memorable occasion, "When the law speaks, conscience must be silent."

These considerations are not out of place at the present moment, when our ears are dinned with representations of the duty of submitting to any law for which the votes of the majority of a legislature may be bought. Men are under no moral or religious obligation to yield obedience to legislation believed by them, in good conscience, to be unjust, as robbing them of the rights and privileges of a nationality to which they have ever been loyal, and delivering them unto the will of their hereditary enemies, who have been persistently disloyal to it. To pretend that such an obligation exists is to mock them, the more so when it is notorious that the legislation which it is sought to impose on them is the result of a corrupt bargain between party politicians bent on retaining office by any means, and men whose avowed object is the dismemberment of the Empire. Such a law is an act of violence; it is a wicked law, and the constitutional form in which it is hypocritically clothed merely adds to its wickedness. Whether it should be resisted by force is a question to be decided by those against whom it is directed, and the considerations for deciding the question are purely of ex-

pediency. The State is an association of moral beings. To say that, is to say that its power has moral limits. And grave infringement of those limits invalidates its moral claim to obedience.

This by the way. My present point is that the new order called Christendom, both in public and in private life, rested upon the virtue of obedience, invested with the august sanctions of Christian religion: obedience for conscience sake. I do not know where this is more strikingly brought out than in the *Church Catechism*, which, though written after Christendom had been rent in twain, represents, faithfully enough, many of its ideas and traditions. The words "bound to believe and to do" are the keynote of that beautiful and venerable document. "Action in those days," says Carlyle, "was easy, for the divine worth of things was acknowledged; loyalty still hallowed obedience and made rule noble; there was still something to be loyal to." And now, as we look around the world, what trace do we find of that virtue? Assuredly, it is everywhere vanishing. It is looked upon, in Burke's word, as a romance—all very well, perhaps, in an age of chivalry, such as the medieval period, but out of date in this twentieth century. Quite another principle has taken its place, and rules the minds of men at large. Of course, it survives in various relations of life for the simple reason that it is there indispensable. The soldier obeys, the sailor obeys, the public functionary obeys—with ever lessening readiness indeed. But it has ceased to be the common and universal law of human existence, as the old Christian tradition has become inoperative. I met a young gentleman the other day who, I was informed, had done very well at Oxford, and was told by him, in the course of conversation, that he believed in Hu-

<sup>7</sup> Ibid. q. 96, a. 4.



manitarianism, Utilitarianism, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Naturally, I was tempted to write him down an ass, in spite of his academical successes. I proceeded, however, blandly to inquire whether he could derive any ethics, any rule of life, from these fine things. He imparted to me his conviction that he regarded all objective standards of right as infringing a man's inalienable prerogative, that he desired the freedom of a purely personal morality. I suggested that this was his reading of Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual. He told me that, as a matter of fact, he had never read Rousseau, but that he judged the doctrine of individual sovereignty, in thought and action, a sound one. Our conversation was here interrupted, and I went away feeling that my young friend had expounded to me, not amiss, the notion—he would probably have called it an idea—which, at this day, dominates a vast section of the popular mind. Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual, intended, primarily, at all events, for the political order, has, naturally enough, invaded the moral, and has been fatal—as it was bound to be—to the maintenance of a definite ethical standard. How find such a standard within the narrow limitations of our merely personal desires, our conflicting experience, our purblind vision?

And that unless above himself he can Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

They are the words of truth and soberness. Assuredly Plato was right in holding that a common faith in unseen and supersensuous realities is the true foundation of any human community. Only such a unitary creed can save men from becoming absolute individualists with whom anarchy takes the place of obedience. For them, their spiritual perceptions extinguished by egotism

and cynicism, the animal side of our nature usually becomes the only reality. Here, too, as in the political order, the sovereignty of the individual means the triumph of the passions over the reason, of which law is a function.

So much as to the influence of a false and pestilent individualism on contemporary society generally. As might be expected, it has made itself specially felt with regard to the relations of the sexes. Obedience, as we have seen, is the bond of the family as the Catholic Church has established it on the basis of monogamy, holy and indissoluble. Against that obedience what calls itself modern thought rebels. It is worth while to note how the clear eyes of the saintly Keble, sixty-five years ago, discerned the connection of the attack on marriage with numerous other manifestations of a spirit of anarchy. In his pamphlet *Against Profane Dealing with Holy Matrimony*, published in 1849, he writes:

No thoughtful person can regard this matter of the marriage laws as standing by itself: it belongs to a much greater and deeper movement, showing itself now nearly all over Christendom by tokens very various, but most curiously tending the same way—i.e. towards lawlessness.

In the sexual sphere the full realization of that lawlessness would be found, I suppose, in what is called free love, but I am aware that among champions of revolt against the authority of Christian wedlock there are agitators who content themselves with demanding increased facilities for divorce, or the recognition whether of polygamy or concubinage. The late Mr. Parnell, as we learn from a most interesting work, much read recently, held that "the marriage bond does not bind when love ceases to exist," and, as we all know, he acted upon his

theory, displaying much contempt for the view which public opinion might take of his action. "There will be a howl," he said, "but it will be a howling of hypocrites." It is indeed right to add that he qualified the word "hypocrites" by observing: "Not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right, so far as they can experience life; but I am not as they, for they are amongst the world's children: I am a man." That was Mr. Parnell's construction of the sovereignty of the virile individual in sexual relationship.

Hardly less—probably more—significant than the attack from without on the family as established by Christianity is what I may call the dry rot within it. The authority of the husband as its king and governor is derided and denied. The words in the Anglican Marriage Service with which the wife promises to obey are, I am told, not seldom omitted. Equality is to take the place of subjection for woman. Of course, reason itself declares that on the physical and psychological inequality of the sexes, and on the willing obedience of the weaker, the happiness of both depends. It is the lesson which Shakespeare has worked out, with consummate art, in *The Taming of the Shrew*. It is the picture which is traced for us in the beautiful lines of Pope:

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,

Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,

Yet has her humor most when she obeys.

Certain it is that when the true position of the husband as the ruler of the family is invaded, and his rightful authority impugned, not only is the dig-

nity of the wife impaired, but the filial tie is relaxed, and the moral level of society sinks. I shall touch again on this shortly. Here I observe that the law of obedience to the husband is not the only law which is disdained by "the new woman," as the phrase is. She seeks emancipation, too, from those prescriptions of decency to which she has hitherto paid obedience, and which have been rightly regarded as the best defence of her chastity. I will cite only two examples. There surely are few things more immodest than what an old author calls those "garish and wanton dressings" in which—far too naked to be ashamed—she now exhibits herself for the admiration of men, or those lascivious dances the only conceivable object of which is to stimulate passions, active enough in most of us without artificial irritants. Of other phenomena, equally unpleasant, which attend the so-called emancipation of woman, the time would fail me to speak. The general aim of her revolt seems to be freedom to practise "all that harms distinctive womanhood." What a portent is the athletic woman with her perpetual motor activity, which, as a recent writer in *The Times* has well observed, "may indeed develop her stature, but certainly does not fit her for motherhood, and in many cases leads to complete nervous breakdown and to neurasthenic sterility"—the natural consequence of her defiance of the laws of her corporal constitution. Consider, too—but briefly—the platform woman as she perorates, pruriently, in the name of what she calls "purity," concerning things which it is a shame for her even to speak of. Prurience, indeed, seems to be a distinctive attribute of the new woman. My last remarks have reference, of course, only to adult members of the family. Let us turn for a minute to the children. St. Paul—I must plead in extenuation of my so frequently re-

fering to him my conviction that the world just now urgently needs his teaching—when warning St. Timothy of perilous times to come, mentions, as a note of them, disobedience to parents. Assuredly it is a special feature of these times. The boy is infected with the notion of his own sovereignty. Why should I obey? he asks. And the *argumentum ad baculum*, the application of the rod of correction, which in a saner age would have replied to his query, is seldom forthcoming. I was talking a day or two ago to the vicar of a large London parish, who told me that the children were his great difficulty. "They are utterly indisciplined," he said, "the parents don't keep them in order: the word is 'Let them please themselves; let them do what they like.' Parental authority can hardly be said to exist." In this connection we ought not to forget how much the State, in our own country among others, has done to undermine that sacred authority, and to destroy filial obedience, by infringing the right of the father to determine the religious education of his children.

So much as to the vanishing of the virtue of obedience from the family. Now let us turn to the public order. The old conception of the function of the State, as we have seen, was the uniting of men by a moral bond. And precisely because the bond was moral was obedience claimed for its laws. The task of the lawgiver—let me be permitted to recall what I have said in an earlier page—was to formulate for the guidance of society the concepts of right revealed by reason—reason inherent in human nature and prescribing what men should do and should not do. The first lesson a subject had to learn was obedience, a reasonable service to be rendered for conscience sake. Is it possible to imagine any conception of the State more alien from the modern mind? The view of

law now most widely prevalent is empirical. An action is supposed to be wrong because it is forbidden, not forbidden because it is wrong. Indeed, the old notions of right and wrong have well-nigh disappeared. Thus Lord Morley of Blackburn tells us, in his book *On Compromise*, "Moral principles, when they are true, are at bottom only generalizations from experience." But "generalizations from experience" can only counsel; they cannot command; they cannot bind with the sacrosanct authority of right. And so the axe is laid to the root of the conception of positive law as a function of reason, a dictate of Eternal Justice which should rule human life. Its ultimate source is supposed to be a majority in a legislature—a majority usually obtained by impudent intrigue and cancerous corruption. Carlyle is well warranted when he writes in one of his *Latter Day Pamphlets*:

Truly one of the saddest sights, in these times, is that of poor creatures on platforms, in parliaments, and other situations, making and unmaking "Laws," in whose soul, full of mere vacant hearsay and windy babble, is and was no image of Heaven's Law: whom it never struck that Heaven had a Law or that the Earth could not have what kind of law you pleased. Human statute books accordingly are grown horrible to think of. An impiety and poisonous futility every Law of them that is so made: all Nature is against it.

It is not surprising that with the old conception of positive law as a function of justice or right reason, the belief in the duty of obedience to it has vanished too. If men obey at all, they obey not for conscience sake, but, as St. Paul puts it, "for wrath." To the demand for obedience to it the answer is given, "On what compulsion must I? tell me that." And compulsion is becoming ever more and more difficult to apply, owing to the effacement

of the idea of justice and the progress of a sickly sentimentalism and spurious humanitarianism. It is no wonder that systematic and successful defiance of the law is spreading. To the so-called "militants," whatever our feeling about them, must be allowed the praise, or dispraise, of supplying an excellent example of this. Their professed aim, to secure votes for women, I shall not discuss; it is beside my present subject. I will merely remark in passing that I find it difficult to imagine a lower depth than the existing degradation of the electoral suffrage. And so, for myself I would say "Votes for women" by all means; nay, and for dogs and horses too, whose political opinions, indicated I suppose by barking and neighing, would certainly be of equal value with those of most human animals performing at ballot-boxes. It is not because of their political ideals that the militants interest me, but because of the striking example furnished by them of the impotence to which law has been reduced. Obedience to law! Why should they render it? They break, burn, bludgeon at their own sweet will and are none the worse for it, except by the loss occasionally of artificial teeth or of a handful of hair in their scuffles with the police or the mob. It is not for them "great harm to disobey." They are quit of the law's penalty, at all events for a season, by a few days' voluntary fast.

To sum up then. The fact is indubitable that the obedience which has been for so many generations the bond of European society is vanishing—nay, has already in great measure vanished—from among us, because the virtue has gone out of it, because the moral force which gave it validity has become inoperative. Can any substitute be found for that moral force? An experiment in search of one is being conducted, with more or less completeness,

in several European countries, and especially in France. It is sought to supply the place of religious and philosophical dogma, in the education of the coming generation, by the teaching of merely physical phenomena, of the functions of matter and force, beyond which, it is said, we can know nothing. It seems to me absolutely certain that this experiment is foredoomed to failure. The two great postulates of the school which directs it—a school which usurps the name of modern thought—are the sovereignty of the individual and physiological fatalism. How is it possible rationally to combine these two postulates in the mind of the man to come—the present child—and to deduce from them a rule of conduct? You ascribe to him unlimited dominion in the world of ideas. In the world of fact he is the servant of events, of his organism, of the past which is in him by heredity. Such is the type of man who is being reared up in France and alas! I fear in England too; void of the idea of God, which is exhibited to him as odious and ridiculous; emancipated from the moral law, which is replaced for him by calculations of profit and loss, of utility, of agreeable feeling; handed over to the blind impulses of egotism, to the savage instincts accumulated in his brain by long centuries of evolution. Such is the human animal which is being prepared in schools called secular or laic, his feelings undisciplined, his passions unchained, the restraints of reason and religion thrown off: lord of himself nominally, slave to himself really—to his lower self, the self of the ape and tiger, of the wild beast within him. It seems to me that to escape from this slavery, the will, the intellect, must be regulated by some idea, must be controlled by some principle. But can that idea, that principle be found in physical science? Impossible. What does physical science yield us?

Facts, facts, monotonous—whatever the diversity of their manifestation—by reason of their perpetual succession, of the identity of their origin; facts, some co-ordinated in the regions where physicists have penetrated, others not as yet so co-ordinated, but all mere mechanical phenomena, none possessing a shred of spiritual element or moral force. It is in vain to seek refuge in formulas: to invoke the Absolute, the Divine, the Ideal. The Absolute, what is it for physicists but the highest of abstractions? What the Divine for them but a decorative epithet? For if the Divine is not a Being, it is a mere word. What the Ideal, apart from transcendent reality, but a subjective conception, quite arbitrary, the private and personal product of your brain or of mine? No; for an idea, a principle that will regulate, will control the will, the intellect, we must seek elsewhere than among the phenomena of the physical universe. True, there you find, everywhere, causation, conservation of energy—law on a scale infinitely great and infinitely little; but it is a law which, taken by itself, does not speak of righteousness or make for righteousness: a law which is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. In that invisible kingdom of which Goethe speaks we find an order which is the counterpart, in the ethical and spiritual sphere, of the material order in the phenomenal: an order where causation and conservation of energy equally prevail: an order which is absolutely

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ruled by the moral law: an order which is as true a reality as the other, or rather a truer; for all phenomena are impermanent, all integrations are unstable, but the Law of Righteousness, unwritten and unchanging, is not of to-day or yesterday: it abides for ever.

In Cardinal Gasquet's beautiful and touching address upon the occasion of his receiving the *biglietto* which announced his elevation to the Sacred College, there occurs a sentence that may well be quoted here:

The mission of God's Church remains ever the same: it stands for peace and security and individual rights: and amidst the clash of interests so apparent in the world of to-day, it alone, with the principles of religious authority and democratic liberty, can secure the due observance of law and order necessary for the safety of society.

These words of a master of historical studies seem to come to us as an echo of an utterance of Simon Peter two thousand years ago at Capernaum: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Yes: "words of eternal life": living and life-giving words: words permanent and universal which shall not pass away: words which triumphed over pagan syncretism in the decadent Roman Empire: words which are as potent now as they were then, to revivify the great virtue of obedience, to restore and preserve that moral discipline without which social integration is impossible.

W. S. Lilly.

## BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

*Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.*

### CHAPTER X.

When Priscilla left Boadicea Road she went up in the world. She got a

place as twenny maid in a house in Museum Square, where five indoor servants were kept. The cook was



elderly, the sewingmaid was French, the parlormaid had views and aired them, but Jane the housemaid became Priscilla's friend. They were the same age and shared a bedroom. If the cook, who slept next door, had not rapped on the wall they would have talked all night, when Priscilla first arrived. They told each other everything about their homes and early lives, about their places and their lovers—at least Jane told about lovers; Priscilla had to confess that she had never yet walked out with anyone; but Jane was very kind and said that it was just as well not to be in a hurry and that if you were a girl the men would leave alone, you could have as good a time without them as with them. Jane was a tall, slim girl with large blue eyes and thick fair hair. She was not as quick and clever as Priscilla, but she had more experience. Her manner was quiet and rather serious, she was good-tempered, and she took a pride in her work. The Brintons were people who got hold of good servants, treated them well and kept them. At least they kept four out of the five. The twenny maids seemed to change often, but that, said Jane, was entirely due to Fräulein. The twenny maid had to wait on the third floor, where Fräulein lived with her two pupils, Milly and Emmy, and every unpleasantness that arose in the house was in connection with this part of it.

"She's a terror," said Jane, instructing Priscilla the moment she arrived. "Rings you up and down all those stairs without any consideration for either your legs or your vegetables. It's very awkward just about dinner-time when she wants you upstairs and Mrs. Enfield wants you in the kitchen. Besides, she sets traps."

"What sort of traps?"

"Oh, don't you know? Bits of cotton shut in drawers to see if you open them and crumbs in corners to see if

you sweep clean. She used to write Maud's name in the dust on the furniture. Naturally Maud didn't like it. She told Mrs. Brinton when she gave notice that she hadn't been used to such ways. But you might as well try to uproot the Monument as Fräulein. What they see in her I can't think; but it may be only that they don't want the trouble of changing. At least one day when I went in rather suddenly with hot water I heard Mrs. Brinton say it was only for another eighteen months, thanks be, and I believe it meant Fräulein because he answered something about school in Paris."

"Well, she won't write her name in my dust," said Priscilla; "I'm very particular."

But when she had been in the house a week she found that however well you did your work Fräulein nagged at you, and in the kitchen vernacular kicked up rows. She was an unlovely, middle-aged woman with a loose, thick-lipped mouth, frizzy black hair and languishing cow-like eyes. She was very excitable and talked a great deal about her nerves. Milly and Emmy detested her, but as she drummed some German into them and kept them employed, she was considered a successful governess. She hated England and the English, and, above all, she hated English servants, for she could not understand their ways or their point of view. When she first came she used to descend into the kitchen at all hours of the day and want to cook there or iron her own laces and muslins. Mrs. Brinton had to explain that this could not be allowed. Fräulein submitted in deed, but not in spirit. It was a grievance that fermented in her whenever others were dormant. She could not understand why those below stairs should object to her presence amongst them, and why at certain moments of the working day they should sit down

to their own employments undisturbed. Mrs. Brinton argued the point with her. She said that she paid and supported other women to do the work that for various reasons she did not want to do herself, and that as long as they did it well she was satisfied. If there was a margin left to them for their own interests and amusements, so much the better. But Fräulein could not agree. It exasperated her to find Mrs. Enfield quietly and comfortably darning her own stockings in the afternoon because she had very little to do that day for dinner. She had wanted her assistance with an elaborate German cake for Milly's birthday, and Mrs. Enfield had given it, but not amiably. It was after this that Mrs. Brinton tried to explain English downstairs law to Fräulein, and asked her not to go into the kitchen. Fräulein wept, but refrained, for she valued her post with the Brintons, and especially valued the free time they gave her, but if you had tried to argue from her case to the servants, she would have been mortally offended. They were of a different clay.

They were all more sensible and cheerful than she was, but then they were not lonely. Partly through her temperament and partly through her circumstances, poor Fräulein lived a solitary life in that crowded house, brooding over imaginary grievances and hungering for joys she was denied. The Brintons treated her politely, but liked her less and less as time went on, and they found that in one way or the other she was a disturber of the peace. The servants she had made her enemies, and the more civil they were to her face the more she suspected them of derision behind her back. She suspected far more than was there, as such natures do. Mrs. Enfield did not allow much gossip in the kitchen, and if Meadows spoke of Fräulein, it was

to say that the present system bred women like her and that the system would change when women had the vote. Meadows did not mean to marry because she did not like the marriage laws, but of course anyone could see that what ailed Fräulein was the want of a husband and children. The younger servants thought Meadows put the cart before the horse. Fräulein was an old maid because she was cross and silly and ugly. Jane and Priscilla had no patience with her.

The very first day that Priscilla did her work on the third floor there was a fuss there. Fräulein missed a small gold brooch, and as good as charged Priscilla with stealing it. She was sure she had left it sticking in her pincushion. She valued it above all the treasures of Bond Street because a beloved aunt had given it to her. She insinuated to Priscilla that unless it was immediately restored she would inform Mrs. Brinton. Her voice rose to a scream and she shook her hands at Priscilla to emphasize what she said. The girl ran to Jane, her friend, and told her what was going on.

"I haven't seen any brooch," she said indignantly. "I'm not a thief."

"Keep your hair on," said Jane. "It's only Fräulein," and she went up to the third floor with Priscilla. The two girls found the governess in her bedroom, making hay of her things in her search for the brooch, very angry and trembling with excitement.

"Was it your little gold butterfly brooch, Miss?" said Jane civilly.

"Yes . . . yes," gasped Fräulein, shaking out an ancient fur tippet, at the same time repeating that she had left the brooch on the pincushion, and that all search was vain.

"You wore it the night you went to the concert in your black blouse. I noticed it when I fastened the blouse for you."

As she spoke, Jane opened a drawer,

took out a black lace blouse and showed Fräulein the little brooch still fastened into it. If she expected her to look pleased and grateful, she was disappointed. A gleam of suspicion and mortification made Fräulein's eyes more disagreeable than they had been before, and she said roughly to Jane:

"How is it you know in which drawer I keep my blouses?"

"I saw you take it out when I helped you dress," answered Jane curtly, and she went out of the room, Priscilla following her. It was all very well, she said to Jane. This time the lost article had been found at once, but next time it might be really lost, and was a girl to be accused of stealing on that account?

"I'm as honest as she is," said Priscilla, very white and angry. "Horrid old thing!"

So that was not a good beginning. Priscilla liked her work in the kitchen under Mrs. Enfield and hated serving Fräulein on the third floor. She had never yet been up and down stairs all day and it made her legs ache. Every time the schoolroom bell rang she had to answer it, and she generally found that she had to come down again for what was wanted, and Fräulein was for ever wanting things that in the opinion of the kitchen she ought not to want. She could not bake upstairs, but she was never happy unless she was making little messes in pots and pans; medicines, sweets and pickles that no one in the house liked except herself; then she needed starch for her ironing, and hot irons to be carried to her in relays. If she had been amiable and grateful Priscilla would not have minded so much, but she took all the service she demanded sulkily, knowing that it was given against the grain, and always looking out for an explosion. Just before Christmas she became more active and volcanic than usual, because she began to manufac-

ture little presents for the Brintons and for her friends secretly and at impossible times. She would get up at six and shiver in the schoolroom till Priscilla came to do the grate, and if the girl was five minutes late be surly to her. At this hour of the morning she herself wore a tartan dressing-gown, a putty-colored shawl and a sort of nightcap over her undressed hair; but one morning when Priscilla had the audacity to appear without her cap, Fräulein complained to Mrs. Brinton of the new twenny maid's impertinence. Mrs. Brinton sent down word through Mrs. Enfield that Priscilla must not appear outside her bedroom capless, and the kitchen had a laugh over it, and that little storm blew over.

But two days later Priscilla was in disgrace again. Just as she was sitting down to breakfast the third-floor bell rang and she dashed upstairs, ruffled herself because she wanted her breakfast, and had left a generous slice of bacon getting cold on her plate.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Fräulein, holding out a muddy skirt in both hands so as to display the worst of the mud.

It was a question Priscilla could not answer, because she did not know what Fräulein meant.

"Do you want it brushed?" she said unwillingly. She was not going to do it till after breakfast she said to herself.

"Did you see it outside my door this morning?" asked Fräulein.

"Yes, I saw it," said Priscilla.

"What did you think it was there for?"

"I didn't think anything about it."

"Don't you know that when I hang anything outside of my door it shall be brushed instantly? Have I not placed a nail there for this reason? Ach! These English servants! It is to become mad! Nothing they

will do. I will now brush it myself."

"Is that all, Miss?" said Priscilla, who wanted her breakfast badly and was only roused to inward derision by Fräulein's lack of self-control.

Fräulein did not answer. She took the skirt into her room, slammed the door in Priscilla's face, and brushed the skirt violently herself, fanning her grievance against the girl into fury as she did so, and filling the room with a cloud of dust. She was not at all a wicked woman, at least she did not sin against the decalogue, but she was bad-tempered, quarrelsome and touchy, so she made everyone she had to deal with dislike her.

"How could I guess she'd hung out her old skirt to be brushed?" Priscilla asked in the kitchen. "I never saw that done before."

"No more did I," said Jane, "but Marie says it's done abroad. They've all sorts of queer ways there, I s'pose."

"I s'pose they have," said Priscilla, "but I don't see why they want to bring them here."

"This grand cook as is comin' for Christmas 'as been abroad," said Mrs. Enfield. "You'll 'ave to mind your p's and q's with 'im, Prissy."

"First word I've heard about him," said Priscilla.

She had been nearly a year now in Museum Square and you would hardly have known her for the little drudge who had allowed herself to get down at heel and hopeless at the Stokers'. She wore tidy shoes now. She had bought new cotton frocks, and Gertie had helped her to choose the latest thing in caps. She had a trim little figure, and an inborn knack of wearing clothes well and doing her pretty hair. Good food and regular hours were giving her a little color and rounding the curves of her body. Jane's friendship supported her, and Mrs. Enfield had said only yesterday that Prissy had more sauce in her than she

had expected at first. In spite of Fräulein, the girl was happy on the whole, and felt that she was getting on in the world. She had heard that Harry Masters was to marry Julia Morton at Christmas, and she had made up her mind that she would think no more of him. If she had stayed at Daneswick this might have caused her some heartbreak, but the sudden violent changes in her surroundings had sent Daneswick far into a past of faded colors. At first she had been wretched, but now she was beginning to enjoy life, the sense of youth, and the cheerful companionship of service under good conditions. Jane and she still chattered like magpies whenever they got the chance, and you may be sure that they chattered of lovers. Priscilla began to wish that she had someone to walk out with, for her evenings off were not much use or pleasure to her yet. She had soon found that a pretty, respectable girl cannot loiter near London shop windows with impunity, and she had had various small adventures that frightened her until Jane told her how to meet them. But Jane's advice was to take up with someone soon, not necessarily with a view to marriage, but for safety and amusement.

"Pr'aps Albert and I will never marry," she explained. "He hasn't asked me yet. Pr'aps he will some day. But he wouldn't let anyone annoy me, and I enjoy myself quite different when I'm out. Trapesing about by yourself is miserable."

"Yes, it is," said Priscilla.

"Have you no relations in London?"

"I've only got a sister and she's always out with her Reggy."

"It's the worst of service," said Jane pensively. "If we didn't go out we should have no fun, and if we do—Don't you go taking up with anyone, kiddy. I'll have a look at him first."

"You can't look at him till he's

there," said Priscilla. "They don't seem to be dyin' for me so far."

"I might introduce you to Albert's cousin," said Jane. "He's plain and quiet, but he wouldn't harm a mouse. I never saw such freckles as his, but you needn't look at them. His young lady has just jilted him for a fellow with a dark moustache. He's awfully cut up, Albert says. His name's Spark—Ernest Spark. They call him Ern."

It didn't sound exciting or romantic. Priscilla, who was reading a wildly thrilling serial called "Scully and Coronet," thought of a hero whose proportions were those of the Apollo Belvidere, the celebrated type of manly beauty, explained the author, who had not an ounce of superfluous flesh in his body, who rode to hounds so magnificently that the whole hunt stopped to look at him, and who punted the heroine across Ullswater in a violent storm, thereby saving her life and winning her hand. It was his elder brother who wore the coronet and married into the Scully. He was only a younger son. With her head full of Lord Marmaduke, a freckled Ern Spark fell flat.

"I'm not in any great hurry," she said. "Next Sunday I'm going out with a girl I know at home. I met her yesterday in the Square. Fancy! she's been at a place in Gardenia Street for three months and I never knew it. I don't like her at home, but I was glad to see her here."

"What's her name?"

"Polly Spiller. She's a kitchen-maid now."

"Where are you goin' with her?"

"I don't know—she's goin' to call for me."

"Why didn't you like her at home?"

"We didn't like her folks. . . . Mother didn't. They're a rough lot."

"There are some queer houses in Gardenia Street," said Jane. "I wouldn't take a place there myself."

## CHAPTER XI.

There was to be a dinner of ten courses on Christmas Day, and this here Mr. Digby was coming to cook it. Mrs. Enfield said she had no objection and that if he wanted his meals in the schoolroom instead of comfortably in the hall with the rest of them, she supposed he had his reasons. She had never heard of a cook wanting his or her food carried to the third floor before he or she would eat it, but those were the orders, and Priscilla would have to obey them. She wondered how Fräulein would like it.

"I don't believe she minds," said Priscilla. "She says a great cook is an artist, and that in Germany people have a respect for art. I heard her telling the young ladies so, and she's got out her best blouse putting clean lace on it. About time she did too."

"What's he like?" said Jane to Mrs. Enfield, for the cook had been summoned upstairs one afternoon last week to see the great man and hear what he would want.

"He's quiet and gentlemanly," said Mrs. Enfield. "I liked him. Queer trade for a man, I call it."

"Never ought to be allowed," said Meadows. "Taking the bread out of women's mouths!"

"But they do it better than us. That's what beats me," said Mrs. Enfield. "You should have 'eard 'im. Had it all pat . . . so much shin of beef . . . so much fish . . . sweetbreads . . . eggs . . . butter . . . and a lot of foreign stuff I've never cooked with myself . . . cockscombs . . . Bombay ducks . . . green ginger . . . truffles. There'll be some messes for Fräulein and Marie I expect. . . . However, I've made the plum pudding—he can't spoil that."

"What shall we have to do?" asked Priscilla.

"We!" Mrs. Enfield eyed her majestically.



"Mrs. Enfield'll wash the dishes and you'll peel the spuds," said Jane, who allowed herself a joke with the autocrat of the kitchen sometimes.

"That girl is gettin' a bit above herself," Mrs. Enfield said later to Meadows, and she meant Priscilla. "She's taken up with some bold-faced hussy from one of those houses in Gardenia Street. I met them together last Sunday, and I'd a good mind to say something next day. It isn't my business, but it's a pity."

Meadows agreed that it was a pity, but argued that even a bold-faced hussy was a better companion for a girl than a young man. Now Jane openly walked out with a young man, and Meadows only hoped it was always the same one. Mrs. Enfield got angry then and said that in her opinion a steady, respectable man would do a girl far less harm than some women she knew, and the one she had seen with Priscilla was just the kind she had no patience with. Jane said she came from Priscilla's old home, but she didn't know that that made her any better. She supposed that the people at Priscilla's old home were like people everywhere else, a mixed lot.

It certainly was a rum go about this here Mr. Digby, the kitchen agreed. On Christmas Day he came to the front door directly after breakfast and by Mrs. Brinton's orders was shown into the morning-room. As Meadows closed the door she heard Mrs. Brinton wish him a Merry Christmas and ask after Elinor, as if they were friends. Presently she came downstairs with him and for some time stayed and talked about to-night's dinner. Mrs. Enfield talked too, but the younger maids were all busy upstairs. Christmas was in the house, in every corner of it. The sideboard at breakfast had been heaped with parcels and letters instead of with food. The family and Fräulein had found their presents

there, and Meadows said the floor was ankle-deep in brown paper, cardboard boxes and string. The kitchen gave and received presents too, and was anxiously awaiting the belated post. Mrs. Brinton was arranging flowers in the drawing-room. Milly and Emmy had taken all the holly they could lay hands on for the schoolroom. Everyone seemed to be alert and cheerful except poor Fräulein, who, as usual, had a grievance and was bemoaning it over the schoolroom fire.

"Your mother wishes me to have lunch downstairs and I would rather haf had it up here with Mr. Tiguebé," she said to her pupils. "I haf seen him twice, and we are very sympathetic to each other. We should have found much to say."

"I'm sure mother wouldn't mind your having it up here," said Milly. "Why don't you tell her?"

Fräulein shook her head in an afflicted way and said nothing would induce her to upset existing arrangements, and that as a dependent and an exile she could not hope to enjoy the Christmas feast.

"Oh, rats!" said Emmy, and ran downstairs. In two minutes she was back again.

"Mummy says you are to have lunch up here by all means if you prefer it," she announced breathlessly.

Fräulein threw up her hands and allowed the tears to weep in her eyes and trickle down her cheeks.

"Now your mother will be offended with me," she wailed.

"Mummy is never offended," said both girls together; and one of them added: "She isn't a baby."

"But we must let the servants know," said Fräulein, beginning to fuss; "otherwise they will lay for me in the dining-room. I will run down and tell them."

She was off like a streak of lightning, for the kitchen, because it was

forbidden ground, had a magnetic attraction for her. On the smallest excuse she would dash in and out of it, and the more her incursions annoyed the inmates, the more satisfaction it gave her to make them. To-day she found no one there except Mr. Digby and Priscilla. Mrs. Enfield was in the servants' hall reading her Christmas letters. The post had just arrived and a letter with a German postmark lay on the kitchen table. Fräulein pounced on it.

"What does this mean?" she said violently to Priscilla. "How dare you bring my post down here? Why was it not brought up at once?"

Mr. Digby looked up in surprise. He was a quiet, refined-looking man with the profile of a sixteenth-century Venetian noble and the long articulate fingers of a surgeon or a violinist. His early history had been one of adventure and privation. His mother had died when he was still a child, and at the age of twelve he had been taken from a good school and sent to sea by a stepfather whose sole concern was to get rid of him, and who said "roughing it" would do him good. The boy endured two years of it, then had the bad luck to ship with a notorious brute and, glad to escape with his limbs unbroken, had run away in New York. For ten years he knocked about the States, trying all trades, and finding by an accident that he had an unusual capacity for the well-paid one of cook. He took to it when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb and remained at it because he rose higher and higher. A brilliant offer from a new American hotel in London brought him back to his own country, where he had now been living again for five years. He was much too great a man to cook in Museum Square as a rule, but he had engaged to do Mrs. Brinton's Christmas dinner at his sister Elinor's request. She knew that he was resting

between two engagements and that the Brintons wanted more on this occasion than their good Mrs. Enfield could give them. So it had been arranged.

"Why haf I not had my letters?" Fräulein said again to Priscilla, and then she looked at Mr. Digby.

"I was told to stay here and peel these chestnuts," said Priscilla. "They're wanted at once."

"Why are you not in the scullery?" cried Fräulein. "Your place is in the scullery. You are probably in this gentleman's way. I see at once by his hands that he is an artist. He will cook with his mind as we do in Germany, and that is a thing you English cannot understand. Are you French or German or perhaps Italian, monsieur? All these nations can cook. But the English, they cannot. I die of indigestion here. My *Magen* suffers, oh, terribly. I have not caught your name, although I haf seen you twice."

"My name is Digby. I'm English," said the cook, manipulating his truffles quietly.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Fräulein, looking at Mr. Digby with a languishing eye; and then she turned to Priscilla again and gave her orders about lunch.

"I shall haf it quietly upstairs to-day," she said.

"Very well, Miss," said Priscilla. "Will you have it before Mr. Digby or after?"

"I will haf it at the same time," said Fräulein, and angrily snatching up her letter she departed from the kitchen.

Priscilla went on with her chestnuts. She was doing them here because Mr. Digby had told her to leave them on the fire and peel them while they were hot. He had found her struggling with cold ones and wasting half. He told her what he wanted in an even, quiet voice and very clearly. She felt sure already that she could learn what-

ever he chose to teach her, and that to cook under him would be an occupation that never palled. She began to think that she would like to be a cook herself, and she wished he would take her as a kitchenmaid. When she had finished the chestnuts she had to beat up the whites of eggs for meringues, and she offered to do this in the scullery so that the noise should not annoy him. But he said that he did not mind the noise and that he wanted to tell her when to stop. He did not converse with her. He was absorbed in his own preparations, and while she beat her eggs she often glanced at his deft hands that performed miracles she had never heard of, and would have thought impossible. Mrs. Enfield had talked of a tongue and a turkey as two separate dishes, but he was making one of them. All the bones of the turkey were out of the great bird already and on the fire for gravy. Mrs. Enfield had come in now and sat there watching him. He wore the white suit and cap of a cook, and he had turned up his sleeves so that his thin, wiry wrists seemed to add to the unusual length of his hands.

"Have you been in Paris?" asked Mrs. Enfield.

"Only for a week at a time," he answered.

"But your cookin's French?"

"There are French cooks in New York. They taught me."

"It's a lot of trouble this furrin' cookin'."

He did not deny it.

"And when it's done give me a mut-ton chop and an apple-ple. More 'ole-some and just as appetizin'. What about this fire now? It's nearly out and time to be seeln' about lunch."

Mr. Digby explained that he wanted a cool oven for his meringues.

"I call it blasphemious to 'ave merangs on Christmas Day," said Mrs. Enfield, who was in a critical mood,

but quite good-tempered. She would not have yielded her place to anyone of her own sex, but like most women she did not mind playing second fiddle to a man, especially one as amiable and talented as Mr. Digby. It was wonderful to watch him, she owned later to Meadows.

"You go and light the scullery fire and get that oven 'ot quick," she said to Priscilla. "We can do the beef there at a pinch. I'll see to them eggs."

Mrs. Enfield belonged to an older generation and shocked the younger girls by her want of aitches and of grammar. Priscilla sometimes left out an aitch, but not often, and she knew better than to talk of "them eggs." She wondered what Mr. Digby thought of it. She was very unwilling to leave the kitchen and work by herself in the scullery, instead of with him, but she had to do as she was told. When she went back, the meringue was in the oven, and Mrs. Enfield was stoning olives for which Mr. Digby prepared a stuffing.

"Done your veges?" she said to Priscilla.

Priscilla said that the vegetables were ready and the oven too. It was one seldom used, but it heated quickly.

"You come along and do these nasty finikin' things then," said Mrs. Enfield, getting up heavily. "I've no patience with them."

She waddled out of the kitchen, leaving Mr. Digby and Priscilla by themselves again.

"You can put those aside," said Mr. Digby, pointing to the olives Mrs. Enfield had stoned. "I can't use them. I'll show you how I want them done."

With a penknife he took an olive off its stone in a delicate ribbon so that it curled back into its original shape when it was finished. Priscilla imitated him, very slowly and carefully at first and then more quickly.

"I suppose you like cooking," Mr. Digby said to her. "You seem to learn easily."

Priscilla's heart beat with excitement. He had not spoken to her before except to give an order or an explanation, but she had pleased him. Till to-day she had not thought that she liked cooking. She hated the heat of the fire and all the rough work of the scullery that coarsened her hands and skin. She had made up her mind that she would be a parlormaid as soon as she could, but this morning she changed her mind, for the time being.

"I'd like to learn this French cookin'," she said. "It's interestin'."

Mrs. Enfield came back as she spoke and heard her.

"I've three girls of my own and I wouldn't let one of them go into the kitchen," she said. "It's 'ard and its 'arassing, and it wears you out afore your time. If a pretty girl must be in service let her be in the parlor work I say."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Digby unexpectedly.

"But cookin' must be done," said Priscilla. "How'd we get on without it?"

"You mustn't think the world won't go round unless you're shovin' it," said Mrs. Enfield. "All you've got to settle is your own bit o' work in it."

Mr. Digby's silence suggested that at the moment his work was not general discussion but cooking. He wasted no time, created no disorder and never got hurried or flurried. When lunch went upstairs he asked Priscilla to show him the way to the schoolroom and he told her that he would be back in an hour and would have plenty for her to do all the afternoon.

"Can I not help you too?" said Fräulein, who was waiting for him on the top of the stairs. "There is nothing I

should more enjoy. I assure you it would be a pleasure. I am an excellent cook myself. I understand everything, and that is why I suffer at every meal in this country. Here all is so insipid . . . so tasteless . . . so barbarous. The use of the onion is unknown. Even salt is too much trouble. But I forget, dear Mr. Tigby, . . . I must be careful . . . my susceptibilities are offended every moment by the coarse manners of the English. . . . I must not give offence in the same way . . . only nefer for a moment can I persuade myself that you, who seem so amiable, so sympathetic, are an Englishman."

"He seemed quite dazed and never answered a word," related Priscilla, when she went downstairs, for she had laid the cloth in the schoolroom and heard the cascade of words with which Fräulein received her guest.

"She never stopped talkin'," said Priscilla, and when she had taken up the schoolroom lunch and come down again, she said that Fräulein was talkin' still.

"She's made him sit in the easy-chair by the fire, because she said she knew he must be tired by his efforts and she's goin' to make him black coffee to keep up his strength, and she says she's determined to come down here this afternoon and help him."

"That she won't," said Mrs. Enfield; "not if I have to lock the door."

"Love laughs at locksmiths," said Jane. "Poor Fräulein!"

"She offered to make his Tartar Sauce for him," said Priscilla, "and when he said he didn't put somethin' or other in, she said she did and it improved it."

"How did he like that?" asked Jane.

"I couldn't tell you. He keeps his thoughts to himself."

"That's what I like about him," said Mrs. Enfield.

*(To be continued.)*

OF SUNDRY INNS ABROAD.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

I slept the solitary guest of three hundred bedrooms once, sole visitor to Marlotte in its sunny winter, with forty thousand forest acres for demesne and seignior, as mine and mine alone. Lodged thus, upon the edge of that vast wilderness, I became the cynosure of native wonder; and even the experienced winter waiter at the inn was inclined to regard me with a wild surmise. For what indeed *could* have led an Englishman, even an Englishman, to quit Paris for the Forest in February, so long before the earliest possible Easter season could begin!

The rational French mind admires while it deplores the well-known madness of the English; but here was one of them come to an empty caravansary in winter, companionless, with nobody's wife to account for his visit, not even his own! Could I be a spy?—the artillery practise in the Forest. I might be an Anarchist; or craftily, dangerously demented? Therefore the waiter led the way each night with a distant caution, guiding me to a bedroom I could never have found for myself, with his candle and himself well ahead of me and mine, lest in the vanishing, refulgent darkness of those wandering corridors I might leap upon him homi- cidally, and leave his body the stark tenant of one of the two hundred and ninety-nine other rooms.

My coachman for the Forest had no such fear of me, however; I seemed to him a harmless, honest innocent, whom any person of heart must needs pity and protect. Therefore he urged me to use a shut landau, or at least to wear the hood upon the victoria; and buckling the leathern apron tightly, he carefully strait-waistcoated me in. Also he urged that the Forest being as dull as it was leafless just then, I had much better let him conduct me dally

to the delights of that gay and metropolitan city Fontainebleau. Upon my explaining that I wished to visit Barbizon rather, he allowed that the adventure was feasible; but he could not consent that Monsieur should descend at the Hotel of Distinguished Visitors there, he said, for they would empty Monsieur's purse. No indeed, but at the "Last Halfpenny" I should descend, where they had some pity on simple foreigners—the "Last Ha'penny" should be my inn, should it not? "Va pour le 'Dernier Sou'!" I said, and "Hep, Cocotte!" said he to his brindled horse. And thereupon, wheels scintillating in the windy sunlight, we drove along deserted forest drives towards the smallest inn at Barbizon.

Madame of the "Last Halfpenny" came jumping out of her kitchen in amaze. Here actually was a victoria turning in under the archway, and here was I, obviously a visitor, getting down into the courtyard and demanding a meal. "Ah, mon Dieu, and no fire in the parlor! Mon Dieu, Monsieur had finely caught the "Last Ha'penny" by surprise! But what would you?—so long before Easter? If Monsieur had delayed the honor of his coming! Though never mind—Monsieur would first go and inspect a villa or two, wouldn't he?—for of course it was to hire a villa for the summer that Monsieur had come to Barbizon? And then in a small quarter of an hour a meal not totally unworthy of the "Dernier Sou" should be ready for Monsieur! The one street of Barbizon is long and forthright, but only one person was visible to me in it, and he at sight of me was quite sure what my business at Barbizon must be. I had come to hire a summer villa, of course; so he ran into a house and came out again in fifty seconds, swing-



ing a bunch of front-door keys. His sleeved waistcoat gave him a horsey look, but he was a kind of concierge to the village: I had done well to come so early in the year, he said, for all the best villas were unlet so far, and he could show and hire to me any I pleased. When I said that the villa I wished to inspect was the *maison de Corot*, "Which was that, then?" he demanded. He knew every house in Barbizon, he did, and there was no Villa Corot, nor ever had been; would I see the Villa Adelgisa, or Les Glycines?

Back at the "Dernier Sou," one found the parlor warm; white table and chair set near a jovial blaze of logs; tall bottles and that delectable overture the *hors d'œuvre* very appetizingly displayed—coffee and all for three francs, by the bye, as I was to discover; Madame had been as good as her word. But she failed me when I asked her which had been Corot's villa. "Corot?" she asked wonderingly. "But surely, Madame—" I had found the villa of Millet, I told her, the villa of Rousseau also, and eke the villa of Diaz: Daubigny's (appropriate name!) I had forgotten to look for, but—where, oh where, was the *maison de Corot*? Mon Dieu, no, Madame had never heard of a great painter of that name, no—but she would ask her husband next course—her husband knew all the proverbs, always! He was cooking for me, on the other side of the courtyard, and she smilingly returned with the next course. Yes, indeed, Monsieur was right, there did use to be an artist-painter, name of Corot. But never had he owned a villa—he descended at inns. I like to think that he may have descended at the "Dernier Sou"—which is not the true name of the inn, by the bye—and I have sat at table where he did; but it is disconcerting for a pilgrim to Barbizon to speak with the only two

inhabitants visible and learn that neither had heard of Corot.

They have heard of Marie Antoinette at the "Crooked Horn" in the Höllenthal: at that *chalet* like a big wooden toy lodged on a ledge in a dark cleft they have heard of the tragical queen. The "Crooked Horn" is frail, it is nearly all roof and window, it is wedged in betwixt a torrent and a precipice, it lives in a roar of sound, and you get the sensation that it and you are being swept away into a gulf. But isolate as this inn is from the world in general, they have heard of Marie Antoinette there, because she travelled down the Höllenthal in 1770, on her way towards France—a tenebrous journey, the shadows gathering early upon her in that ravine. And imagination sees her young face at the berline window, torchlight glowing upon her ardent hair.

There is also an inn at Freiburg where they wot of Marie Antoinette, for she was pleased to give it the proud name of "The Dauphin" at a banquet which she graced by her presence there. But the name has been changed for these hundred and twenty years. The old rooms are little altered, however, and coming thither hungry and tired, out of the Black Forest, say, you may dine and sleep there well: and there in the morning I wish you the chambermaid I opened my door to, and her exquisitely modulated *Guten Morgen!* as she brought in the boots and the jug. Had Marie Antoinette been bred a Quakeress as well as an Archduchess, and had she, a widow, escaped the guillotine, buried her children, become somewhat of a mystic, and refined into a good deal of a saint, she might have spoken and smiled with such a grave sweetness and simple dignity of mien as that elderly chambermaid did: but then, the common people in that part of Germany have manners that put a Prussian

*junker's* to shame. If Marie Antoinette could have borne herself as that chambermaid did, there might have been no Terror: I hope it was not in satire that when Louis the ex-Dauphin had been beheaded they renamed the inn "zum Kopt."

Goethe, alighting at the "Ghost Inn," Strasburg, about the time when Marie Antoinette was approaching that city from Freiburg, saw omens, and augured. He noted her "beauteous and lofty mien, perfectly visible to us all as she was in her glass carriage"; but he had visited the pavilion prepared for her reception, and when the news of the Fall of the Bastille came shouting across the Rhine and up the valleys to Weimar, he would remember the symbols he had seen. For the chief saloon in the pavilion had been hung with tapestries representing "a subject extremely revolting, the history of Jason, Medea, and Creusa, and therefore of a most unhappy marriage and a horrible death." Did no architect or decorator among the French understand that pictures work upon the mind and the feelings, he demanded—that they cause impressions and excite forebodings? "It was as if the French had sent the most ghastly of spectres to meet this lovely and pleasure-loving lady at the entrance to her new realm!" Thus he reflected that night, as he supped at the "Ghost Inn."

There are inns I know on the Queen's other route, her way of attempted escape from her realm; but for the moment let me remember the "Herzogliches Haus," the inn at which Goethe descended when he arrived, a young jurist, at Wetzlar. You may still sleep there (as he would do) in a vast bedchamber that was furnished during the middle eighteenth century, and has never been refitted. A seventeenth-century latch, as long as your arm and heavier, secures the bedroom door outside, but there is no inner lock

nor bolt; and three or four moth-eaten skins, of animals that died before Goethe did, are the only carpeting of the uneven, knot-worn floor. As to the "Geist," Goethe's inn at Strasburg, if it has not been pulled down the name of it has been changed. Many changes of local names into "Englischer Hof" took place soon after the year 1760; to attract the thousand carriages of English milords who scoured the highways west of Austria every considerable town must have its "Hôtel d'Angleterre": that was the name of Dessein's famous inn at Calais, in the year 1767. In the year 1664 a system of post-houses had been established in France, and many of them were inns; so that "Hôtel de la Poste" is an older name than "Hôtel d'Angleterre." The name of "Ghost" for a hostel is older still; it dates back as far as "The Trip to Jerusalem" does at Nottingham—to the days of the great pilgrimages to famous shrines, or indeed of the Crusades; in France you may still put up at an inn of the "Holy Ghost," and even of the "High Mother of God." When railways began to ramify, hotels *de la Poste* became less numerous, some of them putting up the new sign-board of "Hôtel d'Angleterre." But in the smaller places the tradition is still justified that you may most comfortably eat and house at the "Hôtel de la Poste."

Upon the Queen's route of escape from Paris towards Strasburg, the Höllenthal, and Austria, there is a little town called Sainte Menehould; it was part of her ill-fortune that the office of postmaster there was not held by the local innkeeper. For if the Royal fugitives had dined at his inn while they waited the relay, the courtesy and cupidity of Boniface would have furthered, not checked, their flight. But there was no "Hôtel de la Poste" at Sainte Menehould; the town was tiny, and the next stage, to

Clermont in the Argonne Forest, was short. Post stages varied from two to five leagues in extent; Herblay, for instance, was three leagues distant from Courbevoie, four from St. Denis, and two and a-half from Pontoise. At Pontoise and St. Denis the post-house stables were kept well stocked with relays of horses, and there was no need for travellers to wait at an inn, or for the horses which brought them to take them farther on. Had this not been so at Sainte Menesould also the Queen might have escaped from France.

Compared with the prose of travel by railway, the old prose of travel by postchaise has come to seem poetry and romance; the old road-books are documents of imagination now, though they must have been tedious enough in their time. It is at Auray in Brittany that you best realize to-day what a hotel *de la Poste* must have been in 1791; the stables still form the lower storey of the courtyard, and above them the galleries, or wooden cloisters, still lead to the guest-chambers which form the upper storey—it is the stage-coach inn as Sam Weller knew it in Southwark and Holborn, later on. And here are the heavy gates, to defend the horses and the travellers from thieves by night. Something of this you may see at the "Hôtel de Bordeaux" at Brives-la-Gaillarde also. At night in those times a posting-inn almost resembled a fortified place.

But most of the buildings have been altered, as well as the names; security is taken for granted now, though the *rat d'hôtel*, or apparently well-to-do client, may sneak into bedrooms and rob while the other guests are at dinner. Comfort has degenerated into showy luxury, and the toothsome *cuisine bourgeoise* of the past into the infernal chemistry of the cosmopolitan kitchen; instead of the efficient old *chef*, so often the landlord himself, certificated cooks so sauce and de-

naturalize the food that all dishes taste alike. The hotels *d'Angleterre* die out, as one has done at Strasburg lately, or are rechristened to attract the cusom of *junkers* and Yankees—the "Kaiserhof" or the "Majestic Palace Hotel" is now the sign. And in many a "Hotel Germania" the newly rich from Rhenish Prussia sit at table in dinner-jackets and diamonds, some of them carefully pocket-combing their beards and moustaches over the damask, just before the soup.

But the inn at Varennes is still called the "Grand Monarque," as it was under Louis XIV. And still at military manœuvre time you may come upon Hussars quartered there, as Hussars were, in vain, when the berline with Marie Antoinette and her stupid husband in it came blundering down the dark fetid street. I can imagine no worse rat-hole than Varennes, for a king and queen to be trapped in; nor any fiercer terrier than their pursuer, Drouet. The "Grand Monarque" and Louis XVI.—at Varennes the extremes of French royalty met.

Did Goethe think of this, a year later, I wonder, when he came to the camp at Valmy, so near to Varennes? Varennes and Valmy!—the end of the old dispensation, the beginning of the new. At Valmy the inn is bankrupt; you cannot eat there, though the wild free air of the upland have edged your appetite never so much. The wind in the terraced valley of Valmy will sound to you like echoes of the famous cannonade, and the bark of distant sheep-dogs like commands by choleric colonels; but if you ask the cloaked shepherd, sole owner of the scene, by which avenue the Prussians debouched, or the troops of Dumouriez came up, he cannot tell you: a lonely pastoral figure he stands, and you wonder if ever there *was* a battle, a world-shaking battle, around those grassy knolls? All the reliefs of the land-

scape seemed flattened; could that low mound have baffled the charge of giant Prussian grenadiers? *Did* Goethe gallop into a baptism of fire here, the bullets singing as the linnets yonder do now? Impossible, you think—the world is full of traces, but from Valmy the very windmill is gone. Nothing is visible now but a lonesome shepherd watching starveling sheep. And the *baa-a* sounds like “bah!” to the past.

You must journey on to Sainte Meneshould for a meal and a bed, but at Sainte Meneshould you come upon a trace of Victor Hugo, who found comfort at the inn “St. Nicolas,” and told the world so in his book on the Rhine. Yet the spot to seek at Sainte Meneshould is that part of the street which peeps through an archway at stables, the word *Postes* still legible on the lintel of the arch. Up to this spot the Royal berline came lumbering, in the sunset that led on to the night of Varennes. Carlyle’s account of the Royal flight is more romantic than accurate, but here the epic vein itself would be in place; for here the omens of twenty years began to be justified, dread gathering around that carriage as the townsfolk did, and, as it were, the Strasburg tapestries dithering again, in the evening breeze.

“Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip arises from the village”—you may hear the like of it still in the evening quiet of Sainte Meneshould; there has been so little change in a hundred and twenty-three years that you can stage the scene again exactly. See how the peasants, coming in from their bits of field salute the monster berline, that evidence of wealth; and “a Lady in a gypsy-hat responds, with a grace peculiar to her.” Also a captain watches anxiously; he holds aloof, not betraying himself to be the outpost of the Hussar escort waiting at Varennes five leagues away. Therefore he is

“sauntering with a face of indifference,” though his heart is “eaten with black care,” for the escape is late, hours late. “Curled disdainful mustachio; careless glance—which however surveys the village groups and does not like them.” Therefore “with his eye he bespeaks the yellow courier, Be quick, be quick!”

For “Drouet, master of the Post here, an acrid, choleric man, steps out and steps in, with his long flowing nightgown, in the level sunlight, prying,” and the evening breeze begins to strengthen from a sigh into a sigh, and into such a sound as the wind has upon the plateau of Valmy. Drouet still pries and peers: “That Lady in the slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the carriage, does she not resemble some one?” And that foolish-looking, corpulent gentleman in the round hat and peruke—why, his face is as like the face on the new paper-money as one pea is like another? The captain sighs with relief as the berline rolls away slowly upon the hilly highroad, but soon there is a scutter of hoofs as Drouet gallops off to Varennes by another route, the hypotenuse of the triangle. And Marie Antoinette shall not return to Strasburg and the Hölenthal, nor escape any farther than the rat-hole at Varennes.

Varennes and Valmy—there is a V in every human palm, that is said to be the mark of destiny; V-shaped was the axe of the guillotine, and it had an acute hypotenuse of its own. These are mere symbols, but all is symbol, and it is hard not to be a sentimental traveller when you wander in such haunts of Destiny as these.

“If anything could grind us young again it would be the wheels of a postchaise,” Leigh Hunt declared; and they were wheels of fortune and gaiety often. “If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a postchaise

with a pretty woman," said Dr. Johnson—even he! And these are sighs often breathed in connection with touring-cars to-day; they are the renewed and perpetuated utterance of the romantic and the vagabondish in us—and a plague on it that they so seldom are realized. Even virtue like Dr. Johnson's may flex and budge when it thinks of how the Marquis of Steyne went "driving briskly in a postchaise" up to the "Aquila d'Oro" at Mantua, say, with two or three pretty women, and three or four *fourgons* in his train filled with old paintings, marqueterie panels, majolica, and shocked wooden saints of the fifteenth century, the spoils of his purse; all bought (the pretty women also) "for a song."

The romance of the road is unending, but I think "mine ease at mine inn" is best found beside some more silent highway, to wit a gently moving river that conveys the babble and bubble of the wake and the plash of the oar to your ear. What rest and quiet you may have of an evening at your inn by the river's edge! The moon streams silver upon the Moselle, the Garonne, or the Indre for you, and the stars peep down at themselves in that long mirror tremblingly, as if shy to see or be seen. O gleams more brilliant than any diamond studs of any munching Herr from Prussia! O nap and napery of moonlit water more white than any damask! O silence of twilight (that pretty woman), under the kiss of night! Dining late, upon the terrace, in the open, the candles near you make darker the immediate bank of the Loire, the Adige, or the Ebro; and out of that rapt gloom strolling voices reach you, half heard, half mystical, as if from couples who wander in dream.

Give me the inn by the water, some stream almost as placid as a lake: I was born too late in the annals of travel—why could not I have voyaged

in the *coche* or the *bateau de plaisance* upon French rivers, or have drawled along in the passenger-*barge* upon the Brenta; stepping ashore in the moonrise, at the twinkling, welcoming inn? But something of that delight of eighteenth-century travel one may capture still. If, making a pilgrimage to the shrines of the wonderful wooden saints that Tilman Remenschneider sculptured four hundred years ago, you come to Wurzburg, do not put up at the "Deutscher Kaiser" or other modern inn near the dusty, noisy railway-station, but deep in the old city rather, at the "Schwan" on the silent quay beside the flowing Main. For a certain empty grandeur dignifies this old hostel; its past still communes with it, and the hill, the river, and the statued old bridge give beauty and nobility to its situation; from the other bank the shadow of the Marienberg softly falls, a triangle of umber laced by amber ripples; a great peony of sunset blossoms presently, beyond the bridge; and skiffs drift past, and soon all is black and yellow, for the moon comes up to grin at you, and the voices of moonstruck lovers strolling are softly gay; so that there you rest, in a peace that passeth all understanding, not needing to be explained or justified, but simply to be enjoyed. Somehow, too, one always dines well at an inn beside a river; as you do at Cochem, or, for another German instance, at Wertheim on the Main.

It must be a simple, old-fashioned hostel, however; not a place for rich *junkers* and Yankees, but such as the postchaise and the milord knew. The fool hath said in his heart "I will stop at the 'Terminus' or the 'Grand' or the 'Splendid' only"; it is not the terminus, but the intermediate, the seldom visited places that can charm you best—it is not the grand nor the splendid, but the homely, that can give you joy. And I



protest that the sundry inns—"zum the wandering route which no stand-Kopf," "Hôtel de Bordeaux," and ard of refinement or comfort need "Schwan" for instance—are khans on shun.

The Cornhill Magazine.

## FRANCE AND EASY DIVORCE.

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.

To anyone who is at all intimately acquainted with France, and with the social conditions which govern every stratum of French life, it is amazing that so far no English writer among the many who have commented on the Caillaux drama has taken the trouble to point out that but for the easy French divorce law there would have been no Caillaux drama at all. This is not a question of private opinion or theory, it is one of hard fact. Note what has now been proved during the trial. Madame Léo Claretie, when she became wishful to do so, found it quite easy to divorce the man whom she had married at the age of nineteen, and who was the father of her two children; M. Caillaux, when he became of the same mind, found it not only easy to divorce the woman to whom he had only been married three years, but he was able to postpone the proceedings six months in order to avoid jarring the susceptibilities of such of his constituents as might have refused to cast their votes for a candidate who was known to be divorcing his wife in order that he might marry another woman. It is the divorced wife of M. Caillaux who is openly declared by the present Madame Caillaux to have been the direct cause of Calmette's death, because it was she who provided Calmette with the famous "Ton Jo" letter. Further, if we are to believe what is in Paris universal rumor, M. Caillaux was seriously considering, at the time of the *Figaro* office tragedy, a new shuffling of his matrimonial cards; but as this is so far only rumor, it may be regarded as simply symptomatic of the

state of mind induced in a society where easy divorce is within the grasp of every married man and married woman who for any reason has become weary of the conjugal tie.

The present writer can remember a time when the French divorce law, though actually on the Statute book, was to all intents and purposes a dead letter. True, M. Naquet, doubtless inspired by a high ideal and an altruistic desire to do the very best he could for his countrymen and countrywomen, had triumphed over a lengthy, influential and determined opposition. Easy divorce, which the good sense of the French people had given up after it had been on its trial for some years during and after the French Revolution, was once more in being; but, nevertheless, it remained, for something like ten years, a dead letter. It is no exaggeration to say that twenty to twenty-five years ago any average young person of any class in any given French village, even one close to Paris, would have run to gaze with eager curiosity on a *divorcé* or *divorcée*.

Then, gradually, there arose a new generation, and strange to say, the first among the educated classes to take advantage of easy divorce were in the great majority of cases young married people. What is not strange at all, these precursors, for the most part, belonged to distinguished, "intellectual," and "republican" families. Owing to the gossip which gathered round a number of such cases (divorce cases are heard *in camera* in France) the world at large, what the French so cleverly call "*le gros public*," became accustomed to the idea of easy divorce. There fol-

lowed a period when divorce was regarded, even by very good and serious people, as a laughing matter—the perquisite of the wit, the novelist and the playwright. Dear old Octave Feuillet, the still popular, if superannuated, story-writer, who will surely some day come to his own in France much as Trollope has done in England, wrote “Le Divorce de Juliette,” in which, of course, “Juliette” did not divorce at all! Then came Sardou’s brilliant comedy “Divorçons,” followed by the comic “Les Surprises de Divorce” and “Gyp” completed her “Autour du Mariage” with “Autour du Divorce.” But “*tout ça n’était pas sérieux*.” The years went by, and still this legal way to settling matrimonial differences was not taken seriously in France, and for a long time, and in every class of society, divorce was regarded as the very last resort.

The curious slowness of the French to take advantage of this law was doubtless owing in a great measure to the fact that up to then what may be shortly described as “*la famille*” was the base on which all that was best, most stable, and, from a financial point of view, most important in France, reposed. “*La famille*,” be it remembered, meant, and still means, very much more than what is here regarded as “the family” or “family life.” It meant not only immense respect, but in the majority of cases absolute obedience, for and to parents, and, failing them, grandparents. The term carried with it the absorbing, jealous devotion of fathers and mothers for their children, a devotion which gave them the right, both legal and sentimental, to step in and forbid any marriage they regarded as unsuitable. “*La famille*” was further bound together by the strong links forged by financial interests—interests strongly guarded and protected by the Code Napoleon and by all the laws therein relating to mar-

riage. Easy divorce, if really in being—but at the time of which I am writing it can scarcely be said to have been in being—was bound to strike a deadly blow at “*la famille*.” Away with it went respect and obedience to one’s elders; away with it went that close, jealous love and care of the child, for French divorcés share their unfortunate children, in some cases actually having them month and month about all the year through. Worst of all, from the hard-headed, clear-sighted and unsentimental bourgeois point of view, easy divorce naturally meant the throwing of every kind of marriage settlement and financial matrimonial arrangement into the melting-pot. In vain both Chamber and Senate had made frantic efforts to deal with this last difficult problem. How utterly they failed was shown in what was perhaps the most brilliantly satirical piece of dramatic work done in the ‘nineties—I allude to “*Les Amants Légitimes*,” in which was shown the case of a young couple who, having outrun the constable, hit on the brilliant idea of a collusive divorce as the only way in which they could rescue the fortune they so longed to spend together from the hands of their old-fashioned, tiresome trustees!

It is not very easy to say when there came the sudden breaking down of the barriers which had for so long and so successfully kept easy divorce at bay. Suffice to point out that during the last fifteen years the number of divorce cases in France has increased by leaps and bounds, and now there is no Frenchman or Frenchwoman of mature age, however Voltairian his or her view of life, who does not deeply and openly deplore the state to which France and French life have been brought by easy divorce.

And what has the Catholic Church to say to such a state of things? France, after all, is a Catholic coun-

try, and the great mass of French people, whatever their class, age, or condition, keep to a certain extent in touch with the Church. Many answers might be made to this question, and it cannot be doubted that the religious question complicates, and that most terribly, the French divorce problem. A wit observed some time ago that a French mother who loves her daughter should never allow that same daughter to be married in church the first time. A commentary on this observation was provided by the son of a famous novelist, who, having married his first wife civilly, divorced her in due course and then married an old-fashioned girl in church. To the latter, "*à ma chère femme*," he dedicated a problem novel dealing with the evils of divorce!

Yet another instance which perhaps will describe more tellingly than anything else can do the extraordinary *impasse* to which the deep difference between the law of the Church and the law of the land has given, and will give, rise. Two young people belonging to *la haute bourgeoisie* made what it has become a convention to call in France a *mariage d'amour*—with, as is almost always the case, the religious ceremony. Shortly after their wedding they had a quarrel, and easy divorce was a too tempting solution to be neglected. After a while each remarried—civilly, of course, as the Catholic Church does not recognize divorce. Time went on, an accident threw the original couple together, and they then discovered that each had made a mistake! Amid the congratulations and plaudits of their *bien pensant*, i.e., religious, friends, they were reunited—with public opinion supporting their action, and practically saying of the unfortunate derelicts who were thus left, the one wifeless and the other husbandless, "They knew what they were doing was wrong, so serve them right!" This true tale

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surely proves that in spite of all that has come and gone, most French people when faced with a practical problem of the kind, show how deep-rooted in their hearts is the theoretical indissolubility of marriage.

I have scarcely left myself enough space to touch on what is, when all is said and done, the really terrible and terrifying problem of easy divorce. That is, of course, the question of the children. Just as certain well-meaning people when combating the proposed divorce law in England set up the gossamer barriers which have since led to so much collusion, and which, in the opinion of the present writer, have proved again and again so grossly unfair to wives as differentiated from husbands, so the French Chamber and Senate when dealing with the divorce problem attempted to so far save the sacrosanct *famille* by making it rather more difficult for the parents of children to obtain a divorce than for childless couples to do so. The French, being a logical people, have now thoroughly grasped this fact, and among certain sections of the population, especially among what we should call the lower middle-class, hard-working, thrifty, thoughtful folk, no hurry is shown on the part of young married people to create impediments to that new start which human nature, being what it is, will always long to have within its grasp when faced with the disillusionments and disappointments to which our poor human nature seems to be heir.

If the France of the future runs short of men it will be in a great measure owing to the law which was acclaimed as such a triumph for humanitarian and broad-minded principles, and which has had a greater disintegrating result on the French nation than had any of her past social upheavals, not excepting the Great Revolution itself.

## FORTUNE AND MR. PETERSTON.

BY W. E. CULE.

## CHAPTER I.

## AN AMBASSADOR AT FOREST GATE.

Mr. Peterston and Mr. Butterworth frequently walked together from Liverpool Street down to the Bank. There they parted, the former making for Cannon Street, and the latter directing his steps to Cheapside, where he was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors. On this particular day they paused for a few moments at the Bank, so that Mr. Peterston might finish his story.

"And that was the end," he said. "A ten-pound note by post, without a word. Not bad, was it?"

"You had certainly saved his life," said Mr. Butterworth, wondering whether the incidents had not been a little exaggerated. Mr. Peterston seemed an extremely unlikely person to perform such deeds of daring. "So ten pounds was not extravagant. All the same, it may have been a good deal to him. Now, you see how your story could be improved and rounded off, as it were. Why, what a story it might make!" he proceeded, his eyes twinkling as the idea developed in his exuberant fancy. "Suppose you had rescued a Somebody, instead of a ten-pound Nobody!—some such man, for instance, as Rupert Beckstein, whose will we have just been reading in the papers! And suppose you were told now that, as a kind of supplement to the original gift of ten pounds, he had left you in this will a legacy of ten thousand! Wouldn't that come in useful? And wouldn't it round off the story neatly?"

Mr. Butterworth chuckled. If he had had a hand free he would have prodded Mr. Peterston in the ribs. He was a humorous managing clerk, and he liked best the flavor of his own jests.

Mr. Peterston saw the jest, but only

smiled faintly. He did many things in a timorous way. "It doesn't happen," he said.

"Well, not often, but sometimes—sometimes. May it happen to you! Good-morning!"

Then Mr. Butterworth went his way, still smiling with keen enjoyment. A moment later Mr. Peterston, looking back, saw that he had been joined by a man in a brown overcoat, to whom he was speaking with a face that positively beamed. He envied his friend that good-humored way of looking at things, and was rather pleased that he had told him the story. Then the day's work forced itself upon his attention, and he forgot the whole matter until the evening.

He left Liverpool Street for home by the 8.30 P.M. train, and it was nearly nine when he reached Forest Gate. At that hour the suburb was fairly quiet, and a light mist gave an aspect of chill dreariness to that great region of red brick and gray pavement. When he opened his door with his latchkey he found a faint light in the hall lamp. This was against his instructions, but it prepared him in some degree for what followed when he had put away his hat, coat, and umbrella, and made his way to the kitchen, which was always called, and quite justly, the breakfast-room. His wife was sewing, and his elder daughter, who was seventeen, and in training for a pupil-teacher, was busy with her school-work on the other side of the meagrely furnished supper-table.

Mrs. Peterston had spent her married life in honorable contriving. She was a neat little woman, who had succeeded in preserving a certain youthfulness of style in spite of the lines upon her face.

When her husband entered she looked

up and smiled. "Still the eight-thirty?" she said simply.

"Yes, worse luck!" replied Mr. Peterston, but in a subdued way. For he remembered that there might some day be a sadder story to tell. "Anything happened to-day?"

This was a conventional question, and usually a fruitless one, but he was thinking vaguely of the light in the hall. And his instinct was a sound one.

"No," she said. "Oh, I almost forgot! There is some one in the front room waiting to see you. I don't know him, but he seems quite respectable. I told him that I expected you by this train, and he said he would wait."

Mr. Peterston asked no questions, but at once changed his boots for his slippers. His sense of curiosity was failing with advancing age, but the necessity for economy never failed in that household. There was no fire in the parlor, and if the visitor sat there long he would be cold. It would be true politeness—and economy—to dismiss him as soon as possible.

When he entered the parlor his visitor rose to meet him with distinct relief. He was quite respectable, as Mrs. Peterston had said—comfortably clad, clean-shaven, middle-aged, and substantial. His manner was brisk and pleasant, but a trifle important.

"Good-evening," he said, quite cordially.

"Good-evening," responded Mr. Peterston. "You wished to see me?"

They stood with the table between them, regarding each other. Mr. Peterston was much the poorer in appearance. He felt, vaguely, that the stranger was not utterly a stranger. Where had he seen him before? Perhaps on the train.

"I believe," said the visitor pleasantly,—with, indeed, a quite paternal pleasantness—"I believe that I am speaking to Mr. Frederick Peterston,

formerly resident in the Highbury district?"

"We lived at Highbury once," answered Mr. Peterston.

And again the visitor smiled. "My employers," he said, "wished to be positive, though we had no real difficulty in tracing you. So they asked me to come and see you—quite a simple matter, since I live at Manor Park myself. My firm is Lisle & Lisle, solicitors. According to our information, some seventeen years ago you rendered signal service to a City gentleman by going to his assistance when he was attacked by hooligans late one night near Farringdon Street Station."

Mr. Peterston was more than mildly surprised. "Why—yes," he stammered. "I—I remember the matter quite well."

"But," said the visitor impressively, "you did not know the name of the person to whom you rendered this service?"

"No—oh no. He sent me a ten-pound note; but there was no name."

The visitor seemed to expand visibly. "Ah!" he said, "that is just the point. Sometimes there's a good deal in a name! Will it surprise you to learn, Mr. Peterston, that the unknown person whose life you saved was no other than Mr. Rupert Beckstein, who died quite recently, and whose bequests to science and to charity are announced in the public press this morning?"

Mr. Peterston stood motionless, his gaze upon the stranger's beaming face.

But the stranger did not wait for a remark. He gave the rest of his message at once, as if anxious to view the complete effect without loss of time. "But it will probably surprise you more, Mr. Peterston, to learn that, in recognition of your service to him that night, Mr. Beckstein has included your name in his will. To use his own expression, the person who rescued him from the hooligans seventeen years ago, if still alive, receives a legacy of"



— The visitor paused portentously. No effect should be lost by indecent haste. And after a long, breathless moment, he completed the sentence, "*Ten Thousand Pounds!*" Then he stood on the hearthrug and smiled.

Now, was not this an extraordinary, an amazing situation—in view, of course, of the Butterworth-Peterston conversation in the morning! Or, rather, would it not have been an amazing situation if that conversation had never taken place? Mr. Peterston listened with incredulous ears. For a time, indeed, he was absolutely helpless, as most people would have been in like circumstances. But, as it happened, he never had the chance of enjoying the situation to the full—never abandoned himself to the transports which the visitor had evidently looked for. It was not intuition that saved him, nor the tendency of his workaday mind to seek natural rather than extraordinary explanations. It was a simple fact that came to his rescue, put him instantly on his guard, and enabled him to handle the situation in the masterly manner now to be described—in a word, gave him the chance of scoring. In that instant of stupefaction he somehow thought of Butterworth as he had seen him last, speaking, with beaming face, to a man in a brown overcoat. Immediately he perceived that this man—the man on his hearthrug now, the man with the wonderful tidings—also wore a brown overcoat. It was an overcoat of exactly the same shade of brown; it was the same coat!

It was this discovery, this certainty, that saved Mr. Peterston from an extravagant outburst, and enabled him to make a delightful wreck of one of the prettiest plots ever invented by any humorist. Great credit is due to him for his swift grasp of the position, for the ready way in which he took his stand with regard to it. Another man

would have pricked the bubble at once with a roar of laughter, but not so Mr. Peterston. With all his humble sedateness, he yet possessed a fund of humor. So he did not look astounded; he did not break out with a flood of exclamations; he did not rush to call his wife. He looked mildly pleased, and his reply was a peculiar one.

"Yes," he said reflectively. "It will surprise me more—much more! It is quite a bit of news. Of course I am still living, as you see, though I don't know how long it will last. I am greatly pleased, too. Don't I look it?"

The visitor was considerably taken aback. He ceased to beam, and his manner became much more subdued. He gazed even a little anxiously into his host's amiable but unmoved face. "I am delighted to be the bearer of the news," he said. "This, however, is only a preliminary. Would it be convenient for you to call to-morrow to have an interview with the firm?"

"At"—suggested Mr. Peterston calmly.

"Say four o'clock."

"That would do," said Mr. Peterston, "as well as any other time." And he smiled. "Yes, quite as well as any other time. May I have the name and address?"

The visitor gave both, with increasing but well-controlled surprise. He had no card, but Mr. Peterston did not seem to expect one, and cheerfully wrote the particulars on his cuff. "Lisle & Lisle," he repeated slowly. "L-i-s-l-e. Thank you. If I put it here, you see, I can't very well leave it behind in the morning, unless I happened to go without my—ahem! And it was hardly to be expected that you should get cards specially printed for this visit, of course. Eh?"

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the ambassador.

"Don't trouble; it doesn't matter at all," said Mr. Peterston, still more

airily. "Now, let me see. Do I get the ten thousand when I call at this address? Will it be waiting for me? If so, I suppose I had better order a Carter-Paterson van. I have heard that ten thousand sovereigns make a very respectable bulk."

"There will, I imagine, be certain formalities first," stammered the visitor uncomfortably. "Subsequently the amount will be paid to you in any way you may prefer."

"Good! Good! Very good!" said Mr. Peterston. "Your principals are going to deal with me handsomely; I can see that. Dear me, what a number of pleasant things a man may hear in one evening! Won't Butterworth be amazed when I tell him?"

A less observant eye than Mr. Peterston's would easily have noted the fall in the visitor's features at that point. It was in vain that he tried to conceal the effects of the thrust.

"Butterworth?" he muttered. "Butterworth?"

"Yes," said Mr. Peterston playfully. "Don't you know him? He lives in the very next street."

"I know the name, sir, and I am a little acquainted with one person who bears the name. This person is managing clerk to Squires and Stevens, Cheapside."

"The very man!" said Mr. Peterston. "The very man, jokes and all! Well, I was talking about Butterworth's amazement when he hears my news. He said only this morning that this was the very thing that ought to happen. I replied that it never did happen, and he protested that it might happen—sometimes. 'May it happen to you,' he said as he left me. Yes, those were his very last words. What a prophetic soul is Butterworth's! It seems almost incredible. Don't you think so?"

The unfortunate visitor had almost ceased to think connectedly; he was

too uncomfortable. Nor is there any doubt of the fact that he wished himself away.

But Mr. Peterston took a full revenge, rattling on with a most uncharacteristic abandon. It was his field-night; he had got Butterworth and the Brown Overcoat on the hip! "And it is so beautifully complete," he proceeded. "Nothing is left out. Just at the time I want it most, that is the time it comes along. Evidently the Old Lady is in one of her best moods—a real, old-fashioned story-book mood. But I hope she won't mind my calling her an Old Lady; it is a mark of affection, not want of respect."

"The Old Lady!" exclaimed the visitor helplessly.

"Yes, Dame Fortune," explained Mr. Peterston. "She is certainly old, and to-night she is quite a lady. Yet we must not be too familiar, and tempt her to withdraw. It would be an awful thing to wake up in the morning and find it all a dream!"

The visitor smiled, but only with difficulty. Then he looked at his watch, having apparently made up his mind to go. He made, however, one last effort to restore a conventional tone to the interview by taking Mr. Peterston's City address with great care, in case it should be necessary to communicate with him during the day. Mr. Peterston gave him what he asked with every willingness; a little sorry, perhaps, that he had gone so far. And the visitor tried to get off with colors flying.

"My principals, of course, will give you full particulars," he said. "They will expect you at four. And may I be permitted to offer you my personal congratulations?"

It was a gallant effort most unkindly received. "It is very good of you," said Mr. Peterston gratefully. "Of course this is quite the best news I have ever had. I would not have

missed it for anything. Ah, let me open the door. The mist, I am afraid, is thickening. I hope you haven't far to go."

"Fortunately, no. Manor Park," said the visitor, a little lamely; "almost next door, one might say." He walked down the tiled forecourt, and opened the little iron gate, which gave a sharp crescendo of pain as it moved.

"I'll be able to afford a little oil now," murmured Mr. Peterston pleasantly. "You'll catch the 9.35—if you run! Good-night, and my very best thanks!"

The visitor only lingered for a moment or so. He looked once at Mr. Peterston, once up the street, and once down, finding mist, perhaps, in every direction. Then he said, "Good-night," as pleasantly as he could, raised his hat—"A neat touch that," thought Mr. Peterston; "it would never have occurred to me"—and turned away up the street. In five seconds he was entirely gone.

Mr. Peterston closed the gate with care. Then he returned to the parlor to put out the light there, but before he did it he smiled at his own reflection in the glass. His amusement was never noisy, but on this occasion he was distinctly pleased with himself.

"Not a bad bit of work," he thought. "He carried it through very decently on the whole, but I fancy he didn't get much change out of me, poor fellow! But this is a distinct warning against talking too much in the train. I can't make out why I told that old story. Butterworth is full of ideas, but I was ready for him this time! We'll play it out to the end, and then see his face!"

*Chambers's Journal.*

*(To be concluded.)*

Wasn't it luck that I saw the man this morning!"

Having turned out the parlor light, he did the same with the one in the hall, and immediately ceased to enjoy the great joke. These minor but necessary economies reminded him of the shadow under which he lived and worked, and there was no humor in the situation. He took his seat at the supper-table, and looked round. His daughter was putting up her books, and the fire in the range was declining. He noticed the girl's boots in the corner by the fender, both pairs rather down at the heel. They would need attention next week. And his wife was still at her mending, only laying it down to serve his supper.

"What did he want?" she asked listlessly.

"Oh, nothing of importance," he said. "A little idea of Butterworth's, that's all. Butterworth is full of ideas, but they're not very valuable."

At half-past ten he retired to rest, his candle—another little economy—throwing on the wall as he passed upstairs a grotesque shadow, whose outlines he observed with a feeble glimmer of humor. It was an unreal figure, and it reminded him of another thing that was unreal.

"No," he said. "It doesn't happen."

As he went to bed he was rather more silent than usual, though silence had been growing upon him of late. The great joke was not the thing to communicate to his wife; she would see a lack of heart in it; but it was worth contemplating at a little distance. And his last thought on the subject came just as he fell asleep: "I got through it very well, after all. But it was a bit too bad of Butterworth!"

## THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

The great war has come. "Why has it come?" is the bewildered question of all English men and women. How does it happen that within a week Germany and Austria-Hungary are at war with France, with Russia, with Britain, with Servia, with Belgium, and that it is exceedingly likely that to the list will have to be added Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark, and later Italy, Roumania, and Greece? People have begun to realize pretty generally that Germany brought on the war, or, at any rate, when Austria-Hungary had brought it on by what *appeared* to be her rash act, did not stop it, as undoubtedly she could have stopped it had she chosen. Why, instead of calming down the Austrians, and claiming our aid, which we were only too eager to give, in calming down Russia and France, did Germany never once show any real anxiety to get Europe out of so bad a business? Putting the most favorable construction that we possibly can upon the behavior of the German Government, that Government showed from the beginning a complete cynicism as to the result. The very most that can be said in Germany's favor is that she exhibited at first a certain diplomatic respectability in regard to the stages by which the world slid into war. "But," it will be said, "your suggestion that Germany made the war is incomprehensible, and must remain so unless you can also suggest some explanation for her action. What was her object? Why did she play the part she has played?"

Our answer is one which we feel bound to give because we believe it, even though it may seem to a section of our readers unjust to Germany. We believe Germany made the war, and made it because she feared that unless war came now she might have to give

up her strongest national aspiration—the aspiration to be a great world-Power, dominant in Europe, with vast dependencies abroad, and able to command the sea, or at any rate to be possessed of naval strength greater than that of every other Power but Britain, with the certain prospect of equalling Britain in the future, and of developing eventually into the predominant naval State. That is Germany's aspiration, that is what she thinks it worth while to have set the world in flames to get. For, remember, she does not think, as most people here do, that she is running too terrible a risk to make such conduct sound. Rightly or wrongly, Germany believes she has the strength, if she acts at the proper moment, and if her people are ready and willing, as doubtless they are, to make the necessary sacrifices to fulfil her dream of world-power.

But why did she think the present so favorable a moment? We believe that some feeling—we will not call it panic, because that suggests cowardice, and the Germans are a very gallant race—seized her as to the magnificence of the opportunity offered by the existing state of Europe. She thought the situation was going to develop unfavorably in the future, and that she, in fact, was now on the crest of the wave. What made her think this? In the first place, and we believe that this has all along played an enormously important part, there was the opening of the Kiel Canal. A month ago that canal was finished. There has always been an undercurrent of feeling in Germany that the moment the canal was made deep enough and wide enough to take Germany's war fleet she would have gained an incalculable advantage both as regards Russia and as regards Britain. People here may be

inclined to think this is an exaggeration, but, at any rate, we are sure that the Germans believe they have an enormous advantage in the canal. The next consideration was the belief that England was on the verge of civil war, and therefore that her neutrality was almost certainly assured. Again, there was the belief, encouraged by the disclosures in the French Senate, that France was at that moment very badly prepared for war. Lastly, there was the very potent impression that Russia was every day getting stronger, and that if Germany waited for another three years the advantages just named might be obliterated by vast increases in the Russian armaments, and especially in the development of her strategic railways. To put the thing in another way, we believe that the real cause of the war was that Germany was seized by one of those impulses which are prompted by the thought of "Now or never!"—impulses which are the most frequent cause of war. War is so terrible a thing, the risks are so awful, and so pessimistic are most statesmen as to the possibilities of maintaining peace, that those of them who have been trained in the school of *Realpolitik* would hold it a crime not to strike whenever they were convinced that their nation had a preponderance of power. To lose the golden opportunity seems in their eyes as wrong as suicide seems to the individual.

If that is the true view, Germany could easily find an excuse for war, much as she found it in 1866 and in 1870, by making use of Austria-Hungary's perennial quarrel with Serbia. What seems to encourage the view that the attack upon Serbia was intended to produce a world-wide rather than a local effect is, we think, the curious fact that Austria-Hungary has made so little progress in the Servian War. Considering her great

military strength at the *locus in quo*, and the fact that the best part of her Army is always ready for instant action in Bosnia and Herzegovina and on the Danubian frontier, it is almost incredible that Austria-Hungary should not yet have got into Servian territory. If, however, her object as the ally of Germany was to bring on a European war rather than to punish Serbia, she would very naturally not wish to commit her troops to any big adventure in Serbia. Having lighted the torch there, they would be wanted for far more serious work elsewhere. All, then, that would be required in Serbia would be just the frontier guards necessary to prevent serious Servian raiding in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

We fully admit that, put out in cold blood, the view we have given of the origin of the war sounds incredible. Our defence of it is that at least it does supply the only explanation that has yet been suggested, except that of pure panic, which will meet the facts. Indeed, the panic suggestion is really the same as our suggestion, only expressed in somewhat different terms, and not carried so far. The German Government is not a Government which acts from panic in the true sense. It acts from calculation, though, of course, in that calculation the dread of consequences plays its part. And here let us say that in writing as we have done about Germany we do not wish to make any sanctimonious accusations of diabolical wickedness or special criminality. In such matters, though it is, we confess, very difficult to judge justly, we must judge people by their own standard and not by ours, and we are bound to admit that Germany can stand that test. We do not believe that the great bulk of the German people—we are not now speaking of Germans affected by English thought, or anxious to assume a position which will find sympathizers in England—



would really regard our view as unfair.

Germany thinks that she has a great mission. She does not think war a crime, though of course she thinks it a misfortune, and, still further, she thinks of it as an instrument of policy, and not merely as the last resort in a conflict of wills. Therefore it does not seem to her unnatural, or mad, or wicked to make war on the lines we have described. We are not going to be judges in our own cause by talking about special acts of wickedness. We do however, say that a Power which holds the views of war which we have ascribed, and as we believe quite properly ascribed, to Germany is a terrible danger to the world. It may be that Providence intends the German idea of war to prevail and German aspirations to be fulfilled. We do not think it is so, but if it is, then so it will be. Meanwhile it is our duty to use every effort and every weapon at our disposal to confute the German

*The Spectator.*

view and save the freedom of Europe and of the world. We are not going to become a vassal State of Germany, even if that position might still secure for a generation or so our wealth and nominal independence, without a hard struggle. We may warn the Germans that we shall fight as we have never fought before in our history, and that if they think, as there seem some indications that they do, that when we are tired of the war we may be induced to abandon our allies and make peace for ourselves, they are utterly mistaken. Whatever happens we shall not act thus. Having begun the war, we shall fight it through till we are either victors or else have been destroyed as a nation. If we perish, it will be with the feeling that we have fallen with our honor and our good faith intact. But we shall not perish, for we have a good cause. Can honest-minded Germans say this, or, indeed, say more than that they have a great cause?

## ARMAGEDDON.

The conversation had turned, as it always does in the smoking-rooms of golf clubs, to the state of poor old England, and Porkins had summed the matter up. He had marched round in ninety-seven that morning, followed by a small child with an umbrella and an arsenal of weapons, and he felt in form with himself.

"What England wants," he said, leaning back and puffing at his cigar,—"what England wants is a war. (Another whisky and soda, waiter.) We're getting flabby. All this pampering of the poor is playing the very deuce with the country. A bit of a scrap with a foreign power would do us all the good in the world." He disposed of his whisky at a draught.

"We're flabby," he repeated. "The lower classes seem to have no sense of discipline nowadays. We want a war to brace us up."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is well understood in Olympus that Porkins must not be disappointed. What will happen to him in the next world I do not know, but it will be something extremely humorous; in this world, however, he is to have all that he wants. Accordingly the gods got to work.

In the little village of Ospovat, which is in the south-eastern corner of Ruritania, there lived a maiden called Maria Strultz, who was engaged to marry Captain Tomsk.

"I fancy," said one of the gods,

"that it might be rather funny if Maria jilted the Captain. I have an idea that it would please Porkins."

"Whatever has Maria—" began a very young god, but he was immediately suppressed.

"Really," said the other, "I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious. You know what these mortals are." He looked round to them all. "Is it agreed then?"

It was agreed.

So Maria Strultz jilted the Captain.

Now this, as you may imagine, annoyed Captain Tomsk. He commanded a frontier fort on the boundary between Ruritania and Essenland, and his chief amusement in a dull life was to play cards with the Essenland captain, who commanded the fort on the other side of the river. When Maria's letter came he felt that the only thing to do was to drown himself; on second thoughts he decided to drown his sorrows first. He did this so successfully that at the end of the evening he was convinced that it was not Maria who had jilted him, but the Essenland captain who had jilted Maria; whereupon he rowed across the river and poured his revolver into the Essenland flag which was flying over the fort. Maria thus revenged, he went home to bed, and woke next morning with a bad headache.

*("Now we're off," said the gods in Olympus.)*

In Diedeldorf, the capital of Essenland, the leader-writers proceeded to remove their coats.

"The blood of every true Essenlander," said the leader-writer of the *Diedeldorf Patriot*, after sending out for another pot of beer, "will boil when it hears of this fresh insult to our beloved flag, an insult which can only be wiped out with blood." Then seeing that he had two "bloods" in one sentence, he crossed the second one out, substituted "the sword," and lit a fresh

cigarette. "For years Essenland has writhed under the provocations of Ruritania, but has preserved a dignified silence; this last insult is more than flesh and blood can stand." Another "blood" had got in, but it was a new sentence and he thought it might be allowed to remain. "We shall not be accused of exaggeration if we say that Essenland would lose, and rightly lose, her prestige in the eyes of Europe if she let this affront pass unnoticed. In a day she would sink from a first-rate to a fifth-rate power." But he didn't say how.

The Chancellor of Essenland, in a speech gravely applauded by both sides of the House, announced the steps he had taken. An ultimatum had been sent to Ruritania demanding an apology, an indemnity of a hundred thousand marks, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, whose epaulettes were to be torn off by the Commander-in-Chief of the Essenland Army in the presence of a full corps of cinematograph artists. Failing this, war would be declared.

Ruritania offered the apology, the indemnity, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, but urged that this last ceremony would be better performed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Ruritanian Army; otherwise Ruritania might as well cease to be a sovereign state, for she would lose her prestige in the eyes of Europe.

There was only one possible reply to this, and Essenland made it. She invaded Ruritania.

*("Aren't they wonderful?" said the gods in Olympus to each other.)*

*"But haven't you made a mistake?" asked the very young god. "Porkins lives in England, not Essenland."*

*"Wait a moment," said the others.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

In the capital of Borovia the leader-writer of the *Borovian Patriot* got to work. "How does Borovia stand?" he

asked. "If Essenland occupies Ruritania, can any thinking man in Borovia feel safe with the enemy at his gates?" (The Borovian peasant, earning five marks a week, would have felt no less safe than usual, but then he could hardly be described as a thinking man.) "It is vital to the prestige of Borovia that the integrity of Ruritania should be preserved. Otherwise we may resign ourselves at once to the prospect of becoming a fifth-rate power in the eyes of Europe." And in a speech, gravely applauded by all parties, the Borovian Chancellor said the same thing. So the Imperial Army was mobilized and, amidst a wonderful display of patriotic enthusiasm by those who were remaining behind, the Borovian troops marched to the front. . . .

*"And there you are," said the gods in Olympus.*

*"But even now—" began the very young god doubtfully.*

Punch.

*"Silly, isn't Felicia the ally of Essenland; isn't Marksland the ally of Borovia; isn't England the ally of the ally of the ally of the Country which holds the balance of power between Marksland and Felicia?"*

*"But if any of them thought the whole thing stupid or unjust or—"*

*"Their prestige," said the gods gravely, trying not to laugh.*

*"Oh, I see," said the very young god.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

And when a year later the hundred-thousandth English mother woke up to read that her boy had been shot, I am afraid she shed foolish tears and thought that the world had come to an end.

Poor short-sighted creature! She didn't realize that Porkins, who had marched round in ninety-six the day before, was now thoroughly braced up.

*("What babies they all are," said the very young god.)*

A. A. Milne.

## THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

Three incredible things have happened. We have declared war on Germany, and the declaration has been welcomed by a united kingdom with a sigh of absolute relief. We have detected in ourselves that one of the prerequisites of victory that we should have least suspected, namely, a signal detestation of the enemy. German civilization since 1870 has led up to a masked altar to Mars. Philosophical Radicals and pacifists have placed timid little garlands upon this disguised shrine. The pathetic futility of these overtures and illusions has at last been revealed—let us hope before it is too late. But it is not essential to go from one extreme to the other. On the contrary, it is a positive advantage to endeavor to envisage Germany's position from its own point of view.

There are, it seems, journalists to-day who assume that as our countrymen in the mass know very little of foreign affairs and nothing at all about military ones, no incoherence can be too monstrous for them to swallow. They exalt militarism and denounce Germanism in one breath; they ask us to take down a refutation of Norman Angell and of Norman Angell's one serious adversary and antidote at one draught. Western Europe has reached a stage of civilization which is more than willing to accept a canalization of war such as that which has prevailed since Waterloo. It has come seriously to doubt whether any profit to be derived from internecine war can be commensurate with the inevitable loss. The newer national units of Eastern Europe, headed by Germany,

have upheld as superior a theory of the inexhaustible value of military discipline. We still cling to this in a reluctant, defensive kind of way; Prussia would make the big stick absolutely paramount. As during the forty-three years that followed Frederick's final victory in 1763 Prussia stood for the perfection of the military machine, so during the forty-three years that have followed the federation of 1871 the German Empire has stood for brute force in Europe. So much for the logic of tying up Norman Angell and Kaiser Wilhelm in a bag together and labelling them mad dogs.

But I believe it is equally wide of the mark to detect in the Kaiser the Macchiavelli of the immediate situation. Prussia stands for the ideal of the will to power and material force under Pan-Germanic direction as against an obscurantist Pan-Slavism on the one hand and a Modernist hatred of violence in every form on the other. By the irony of destiny it would almost seem as if she had been caught between two wheels going in different directions. There has been nothing Macchiavellian at all about the choice by Prussian diplomacy (traditionally bull-necked) either of the Milieu or the Moment of the encounter. Austria is like the camomile, the more she is beaten the more she seems to believe in war. Berlin did not want her to batter Belgrade. But if the greater Germanic ideas in which she passionately believed were to prevail, Potsdam must uphold the man it crushed and then saved after Koniggratz.

Neither Power foresaw the sudden precipitation of hysterical hatred on the part of Holy Russia. Russia's anti-Germanic rage has been boiling so long that there seemed to the Western eye no particular reason for its boiling over at this particular minute. Prussia has always derided Russia for its slowness. Suddenly to encounter a

blind white rage of a crusading fervor and intensity called for a self-confidence comparable to that of Thermopylae or Chémulpo. But the Germans searched in their hearts and found it, and the Kaiser justly interpreted their determination. The conjunction of planetary forces was really in the highest degree awkward. But faith in German sinew, training, thoroughness, pluck, organization, and leadership prevailed. The tension, the suspicion was such that war on a European plan was bound to come, and it might do worse than find Germany and Austro-Hungary back to back against all comers, committed mutually and profoundly to victory or death. The War Lords counted a good deal on French inefficiency, at least, in the higher planes of command, and on English fumbling, cowardice, or procrastination. If this carefully weighed postulate were realized, Prussia might count peremptorily on beating France to the ground with the left hand before the Russians could arrive in sufficient numbers on the Eastern frontier. Then, after another Friedland, the Kaiser might rely upon reviving the policy of Tilsit—why not combine against the real enemy of Europe? Prussia's self-confidence in its initiative, central position, perfect order and discipline was sufficient to brace them to take this risk, awe-inspiring as it seems, and to disregard such minor considerations as Italian neutrality or Belgian contumacy. Better half a million men should bite the dust than that Pan-Slavism should swallow up Pan-Germanism. Ideal, heroic, fanatical, terrible—how shall we describe it?

The contempt of the German general staff for England is based on wide generalizations. Our diplomacy and management of the war in South Africa showed inability either to keep out of or go into the war thoroughly and at the right time. The whole enterprise

showed frivolity and lack of foresight. Since then the pacifists who denied war, the militants, and Ireland had weakened our unity, our self-confidence, our resolution, our powers of endurance. Our middle class had no knowledge of or interest in war, and looked upon the cost of Army rather as the extortion of a private insurance company which had managed to get hold of a State monopoly. Our services are virtually divorced from a preponderant public opinion, either supporting or criticizing; and the burthen of risking life for country is distributed in a manner as whimsical as it is unfair. The failure of our manhood to rectify this has turned the heads of our women. A nation that could listen to Lord Roberts and take no heed must be dead to every prompting of patriotism. The energy of the well-to-do in England was expended upon the quest of an elixir of perpetual pleasure compounded of games and relaxation from games—all other seriousness being stigmatized "puritanism," and all discipline and patriotism and severe education put aside, like the belief in hell, as childish things. Our position against

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a trained professional adversary would thus be very much that of the gentleman from Yorkshire who journeyed to Paris to encounter Carpentier. Those behind would cry "Forward!" and those in front cry "Back!". Germany had fought for us often, unobtrusively. Now were we not heading straight for disaster, bound to destroy ourselves, either by shilly-shally or taking the insular line and funking the issue? In any case, England was intent on suicide, and need not be taken seriously. Such was, has been, and probably is the conviction of Germany. Similarly, they believed that in France the power of discipline and command was moribund. Duty, obedience, the power to command—these they regard as German talismans. This belief, the belief in an absolute national resolution, incarnate in the Kaiser, has in it elements of the antique-heroic. It can only be overcome by a resolution as devoted, as pervasive, as dogged, and as unselfish as its own. To say yea to this will need every ounce of courage, fraternity, and endurance that Britain can muster.

*Thomas Seccombe.*

## THE KIEL CANAL AND THE GERMAN FLEET.

Before the making of the Kiel Canal—that great undertaking largely due to Bismarck's genius—Germany's naval position resembled that of the United States and of Russia. Like these two countries, Germany had to maintain two fleets in two seas, and it was not always easy to join these two fleets, especially if an opponent of superior strength dominated the natural passage from the Baltic to the North Sea by way of the Skager Rack and the Kattegat. It was clear that a canal cutting through Schleswig-Holstein, making a short connection under Ger-

man control between the Baltic and the North Sea, would virtually double the striking power of the German Navy, by enabling the whole fleet to appear unexpectedly in its full strength in either sea. Animated by these considerations, Bismarck proposed making the Kiel Canal.

The Kiel Canal connects the interior of the spacious Kiel Bay with the mouth of the Elbe. As the mouth of the Elbe is very wide at the point where the Canal opens into it, and as the Elbe mouth is protected by powerful fortifications, by extensive sand-



banks, and by the strongly fortified island of Helligoland lying in front of it, the opening of the Kiel Canal on the Elbe is almost unassailable from the sea. The opening on the other side is equally well protected, and the great width of Kiel Bay makes it equally difficult, if not impossible, to block the Canal opening by sinking ships in it.

The Canal was built in the years 1887-95 at a cost of £7,800,000, but its dimensions were too narrow. It was proposed to enlarge and make it navigable to the largest ships, now and of the future. The reconstruction was begun in 1907 and completed only a few weeks ago. It is curious to recall that English warships were present at the festivities which accompanied the formal opening of the new waterway!

The Canal is exceedingly well built. The walls are so solidly made that ships may pass through at great speed. They may steam through at the rate of ten miles per hour, but in war time they will probably be allowed to increase that speed. The locks are few and extremely roomy. The Canal itself is very wide. It has a considerable number of passages of double width, where ships going in different directions may pass each other, and it has four turning basins which have a width of more than 900 ft. at the bottom, where the largest ships may turn. Thus a fleet may enter the Canal from the west, and, instead of emerging at the Kiel opening, return and leave the Canal by the western entrance while the enemy is racing round Skagen to the Baltic. Close to the Elbe mouth is the second important German war harbor, Wilhelmshaven, and a little further to the west lies the subsidiary naval port of Emden. As numerous sandbanks lie in front of the North Sea shore, ships unacquainted with the intricate channels will find it dangerous to approach the coast, especially as these are protected

by very powerful fortifications. Sheltered by sandbanks and enormous guns, a German squadron lying at Kiel can easily and almost unnoticed slip through the Kiel Canal and enter Wilhelmshaven, and vice versa. Almost unnoticed, too, German fleets may effect a junction.

A naval Power at war with Germany must observe the two principal war harbors. It must divide its ships, placing part in front of Wilhelmshaven and part either in front of Kiel or at a convenient spot in the Skager Rack or Kattegat, whence the passages leading through the Danish archipelago may be watched. The two watching squadrons are, of course, exposed to the danger of allowing one of the German squadrons to slip out unnoticed and join the other by passing through the Canal. If they should succeed in such an attempt they would be able to fall on one of the observing squadrons in their united strength.

The enlargement of the Kiel Canal cost £11,000,000. Altogether, the cost of the Canal came to about £19,000,000—as much as ten Dreadnoughts. In view of the great strategical importance, the Kiel Canal was certainly worth the outlay. It is a most potent instrument for the naval defence of Germany. One may say that it is almost as important to the defence of Germany as the Panama Canal is to the defence of the United States.

The Kiel Canal and the Danish islands, with their numerous tortuous channels, enable Germany to play the game of hide-and-seek with a strong naval opponent. Besides, they strengthen very greatly Germany's position in the Baltic. Whereas Russia must send her ships through the Skager Rack and Kattegat, Germany can pass them quickly and safely through the Canal. Last, but not least, the Canal converts the Baltic and the North Sea into a single sea

as far as Germany goes. Kiel is an enormous harbor, but it lies on the Baltic, while Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea is too small. The Kiel Canal has transferred the harbor of Kiel to the North Sea.

Germany's greatest commercial harbors, Hamburg and Bremen, may be said to be protected by the enormous guns in the fortifications which shelter the Elbe mouth of the Canal and by the island of Heligoland, which is a colossal fort in the midst of the sea in front of the Elbe mouth with Hamburg, of the Weser mouth with Bremen, and of Wilhelmshaven. The combination of the Canal with the great war harbors on either side and the strongly fortified rocky island in front is a great asset for Germany's defence.

Commercially, also, the Kiel Canal is of great importance and value. In 1896 19,960 ships of 1,848,458 tons passed through the Canal. By 1900 the number of ships had increased to 29,045, and the tonnage to 4,282,094. In 1913 the Canal was used by 53,382 ships of 10,349,929 tons. How enormous is the traffic passing through the Canal may be seen from this—it is half as large as the traffic passing through the Suez Canal.

The making was effected regardless of expense. Therefore the Canal may

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be considered to be a model undertaking. Its generous dimensions may be seen from this—that the Canal has a depth of 34 ft., that its width at the bottom is 140 ft., and its width at the water edge 310 ft. The locks are more than a thousand feet long. Evidently the waterway can be used not only by the largest Dreadnoughts existing and to come, but also by liners of 50,000 tons and more. It is a monument of German engineering and German thoroughness. As the Canal had to be made very largely in marshy ground, the work was exceedingly difficult. Before its construction many engineers believed that the nature of the ground made its construction impossible. It is scarcely a paying undertaking. Its income amounted in round numbers to £50,000 in 1896, and to £235,000 in 1912. The whole income of the Canal is, then, only equal to a return of 1 per cent. on the capital invested. Therefore the expenditure on the Canal is far larger than the interest derived from it. The dues had to be kept low, because the saving in time effected by the Canal is not very great. After all, the Canal was not built on economic, but on strategic grounds, and its strategical value cannot be doubted. That will probably be shown in this war.

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## THE LAST UNIVERSAL WAR.

"We are condemned to something great." Napoleon, who had besides all other genius the genius of uttering unforgettable words, spoke these after his hopes of Oriental Empire had been shattered by the Battle of the Nile. He had also the genius for making his own cause the heroic by his speech alone, for these words held with much greater truth of our own position and our inevitable decision when the

Peace of Amlens was finally and abruptly broken in 1803. On May 16 of that year England declared war against France. With that declaration began a struggle which lasted without intermission for twelve years and involved every nation in Europe.

Never had a nation desired peace more earnestly than did England at that moment. The Addington Ministry was trembling before the shock of a

twofold opposition, on the one side of Grenville and Windham, on the other of Fox, whose indignant oratory stigmatized even a hurried addition of 10,000 men to the army as a menace to the nation's independence. Ireland anxiously awaited avenging armies of the French. Robert Emmet's rebellion was being planned near Dublin. We were in no mood for war, yet we declared it.

Malta was at stake. The unpeaceful peace of Amiens stipulated that we should evacuate Malta, the Cape, and Egypt, as Holland and Switzerland were to be evacuated by the French troops. Neither Holland nor Switzerland was evacuated, but instead the French influence in those countries was extended. Therefore the British Government refused to leave Malta. The Cape had been given up to Holland, and Egypt to the Turks. On Malta alone depended the Mediterranean, and the possibility of repelling an attack by land upon our Indian possessions, since we had surrendered the key of our communications with India by sea, in leaving the Cape to the Dutch. On Malta depended the active exercise of our command of the sea. Delay in asserting our right to Malta only meant that a breathing space would be given to the enemy to prepare a fleet with which he could equally contest our maritime supremacy. Until that fleet was ready Napoleon himself did not wish for war. Instead, he believed that England was divided within itself and would submit to his peaceful aggressions, which should have been consolidated by his triumphant attack when the building fleet was fully prepared. The British declaration of war anticipated his plans by a year.

Great Britain had not dared to wait until her sea power could be threatened and placed in jeopardy. Napoleon acted, first in anger, then with vigor.

Ten thousand British subjects on French soil were imprisoned for a dozen years at the declaration of war—an act of treachery which annihilated the last opposition to the war in England, and broke the Whigs for a generation. Thereafter, he had two great plans of attack, which Pitt, a private member, outlined in his speech on the coming hostilities: the one invasion, the other the destruction of British commerce. There is no need to tell again the familiar story how the brilliant projects of invasion were finally shattered by Nelson at Trafalgar, how Ganteaume was cooped up by Cornwallis in Brest during months of Atlantic gales, so that he could neither carry troops to Ireland nor, when that plan had failed, join with Villeneuve at Martinique, and convoy the barges at Boulogne across the Channel. England's territory had been preserved; her life, which was her trade, hung still in the balance.

Napoleon would overrun Europe and shut every port in the Continent to British trade. The British fleet would shut out in return all trade whatsoever from the Continental ports. "Why should not the mistress of the seas and the mistress of the land come to an arrangement and govern the world?" Napoleon had asked Whitworth, the British Ambassador, a few months before the war. Napoleon himself supplied the answer when he said to Las Cases at St. Helena that Antwerp was to have been "a loaded pistol held at the head of England." All the efforts of British diplomacy and many pounds of British gold were lavished in the attempt to create a coherent opposition to the First Consul, now self-crowned Emperor, on the Continent itself. Russia and Austria might well have hung back had he not provoked the one by annexing the Republic of Genoa, the other by crowning himself King of Italy. Slowly the coalition gathered

together to advance. Prussia, fearing worse, and hoping for new kingdoms by the favor of Napoleon, proclaimed itself neutral. Then came the news of Trafalgar, and Napoleon, changing his "Army of England" into "The Grand Army," began the most magnificent and bewildering of all his great campaigns, the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz.

*The Westminster Gazette.*

The blow broke Pitt, and sent him to his death. "We may roll up the map of Europe," are the words which tradition assigns to him, and indeed by that victory Europe was created anew.

The parts have been strangely changed in a hundred years, but the essence of the grim struggle between sea and land remains the same.

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### THE GUNS AND THE MEN BEHIND THEM.

Even as these words are penned it may well be that the mightiest fleets in the world have met in deadly embrace to settle, possibly for another hundred years, the vital question of the mastery of the sea. What that means to the Empire every Briton knows. Napoleon, as he sat brooding over his downfall at St. Helena, realized the potency of sea power to a nation. "Let England," said he, "maintain the empire of the seas, and she may send her ambassadors to the courts of Europe and demand what she pleases."

Though the fate of Europe is largely dependent on the result, the decisive action is not likely to occupy more than a few hours. Human endurance could not stand the strain for much longer. A great battle on land under modern conditions, with powerful shells singing through the air, the bursting shrapnel, the withering fire of the infantry, the later charge of the cavalry, terrible as these are, appear as nothing to the agony of those on a modern battleship raked by the murderous fire of 12-inch or 13.5-inch guns. To give some idea of the disparity in magnitude, whilst the German field-gun throws a shell of 15 lb. 2 oz. a distance of three miles, the latest super-Dreadnought can fire a shell weighing 1,250 lb. The destruction and carnage which one of these huge projectiles can spread may be best left to the imagination.

It is an open secret that for some days past the British Fleet has practically sealed the North Sea. At any time since her declaration of war against France an attempt on the part of Germany to take active measures to bombard and batter the undefended coasts of France—to use Sir Edward Grey's expression—would have invited reprisals from England. The words were never pronounced, but those behind the scenes knew that if the German Fleet had deserted its base, and attempted to pass through the Channel of the North Sea, it would have had to cope with our Fleet cleared for action. The strategic position at the time of writing is that the Germans will soon find it necessary to come out and engage us. Every day's delay with the stagnation of her carrying trade on the seas must threaten her very life, whilst at the same time hesitation on the part of a navy as yet untried will undermine the confidence of her crews.

It is unnecessary here to relate in detail the various units of the opposing fleets. England, thanks to the patriotic policy of the Sea Lords in 1909, of Mr. McKenna, and subsequently of Mr. Winston Churchill, possesses ships not only numerically superior, but more powerful and better armed than those of the enemy. Our super-Dreadnoughts, with their 13.5-

inch guns, able to throw a shell of 1,250 lb., at the rate of two a minute, will wreak terrible devastation upon the Germans, who can only reply with a maximum of 11- and 12-inch weapons. Experts are of opinion that the big guns will decide the issue. The following table gives a comparison in heavy ordnance between the two Powers:

	Great Britain.	Germany.	Weight of Projectile.
11-inch	—	126	760 lb.
12-inch	292	108	850 lb.
13.5-inch	132	—	1,250 lb.

In destroyers and submarines we are also in an equally satisfactory state.

Such, then, is briefly the striking power of the Fleet. What of the man behind the gun? That of course is the unknown factor in the situation. It may be taken for granted that, so far as actual pluck and courage goes, there is nothing to choose between both combatants. We know our men will do their duty, and willingly give up their lives for the honor of England; and it is equally certain that the Germans will stand to their guns as long as they have the power and ability to reply. At the same time naval warfare is no longer the old ding-dong struggle between intrepid heroes rushing at one another impulsively, dependent largely on the strength of their good right arm. It is a science of destruction, it is true, and yet a science brought to perfection by the first instinct of a nation—self-preservation. It needs a crew of thirteen men to serve a 6-inch gun, and no fewer than sixty-three to work the heavy ordnance in the turrets. Everything possible is carried out by machinery, but the extreme accuracy of the big gun's crew in handling the complicated parts of the whole apparatus, the quickness and efficiency necessary, is a wonderful sight to behold. It is due to scientific training.

The accuracy of our shooting is an Admiralty secret, but our inventions

and devices of recent years in range-finding are certainly second to none. A few years ago Gunner Grounds was the first seaman to hit the target ten times in one minute with a 6-inch gun throwing a projectile of 100 lb. Not long after 170 men in a gun-layers' test equalled or excelled this feat, and since then the number has largely increased. The Germans have boasted that they are more accurate than we. Time will show! In the personnel of the men generally we possess one great advantage over the enemy. The average length of service in the British Navy is eleven years, in the German only four. Our Fleet is manned by men who have taken up the Navy as a profession. In Germany only 25 per cent are volunteers, the remainder being conscripts. Authorities, speaking with knowledge, say it requires five years to make a man efficient, and yet, allowing for the volunteers who naturally swell the average length of service, with the enemy it is one year under the five. In one auxiliary arm we are admittedly superior—in wireless. The first line of defence is not ships, but information. Wireless is the eyes of the Fleet. To-day the preparation for a naval engagement is like a game of chess between experts, where every move is known beforehand and very possible contingency foreseen. The chess-board is the ocean, ships are the pieces.

And what of the chess-player, the master-mind who sits in his cabin on a flagship of the line, moving the pieces here and there, looking for the first sign of an opening whereby he can attack? Jellicoe! Sir John Jellicoe, who has taken the command of the Fleet, is a name to conjure with in the Navy. He has a splendid career behind him—a career which nearly came to an untimely conclusion in 1893, when as Commander Jellicoe, he went down with the then great flag-



ship of the Mediterranean Squadron, the ill-fated *Victoria*, but was fortunately rescued. He has seen active service, and been decorated for gallantry. Admiral Jellicoe is one of the great gunnery men of the day, both scientifically and practically, the improved shooting of the Navy being largely due to him. The keen face and steady jaws bespeak the man. He has wide sea experience, is a splendid administrator, and at the same time of cool and determined judgment. For

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the last four years at least it has been well known in naval circles that he was marked out as our Admirallissimo when "The Day" should come. It has been burst upon us through the antics of the Mad Dog of Europe before it was expected, but all is ready, and if the man, even more than the gun or the ship, be the winning factor, England may stake her last shilling on Sir John Jellicoe in the calm confidence that, although we have the guns and ships, we also possess the Man.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

### SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES.

#### Park Lane.

*Dearest Daphne*,—The outstanding features of the season have certainly been the Friendship Fête, the Kamtchatkan Scriptural opera-ballet, "*Noé s'embarque sur l'Arche*," and the Cloak!

The Friendship Fête, to celebrate our not having had any scraps with any foreign country for some little time, was simply immense. There were descriptive tableaux and groups, and the one undertaken by your Blanche—swords being turned into ploughshares and the figure of Peace standing in the middle, with Bellona crouching at her feet—was said to be an easy winner. I was Peace, of course, in chiffon draperies, with my hair down. I hadn't the faintest notion what sort of thing a ploughshare was, but I'd clever people to help me, and so it was all right. But oh, my best one! the difficulty I had in getting a Bellona! They all wanted to be Peace, and some of them were so absolutely horrid about it that I couldn't help telling them they were only showing how *fit* they were to be Bellona! (I will tell *you* in confidence that I believe one of them was responsible for some of my

swords and ploughshares falling down with an immensely odious crash just as the opening ceremony was going on.) Norty was given the group of all nations, called, "All Men are Brothers," and he said on the whole it was rather a rotten job; there was a lot of friction, and at one time he was afraid things might get almost to *diplomatic* lengths; however, it all went smoothly at last. Still he told me *à l'oreille* that he was glad it was well over, as two or three Friendship Fêtes would be enough to shake the peace of Europe to its foundations!

But nothing matters much while one can go and see the wonderful, *wonderful* Kamtchatkans in "*Noé s'embarque sur l'Arche*"—a feast of beauty—a riot of color—a mass of inner meanings. Who am I, dearest, that I should try to word-paint it? Being an opera-ballet, there are two Noahs, a singing one and a dancing one. While that glorious Golllookin, the singing Noah, is giving the marvellous Flood Music in a gallery over the stage, our dear wonderful Ternitenky, the dancing Noah, is going into the Ark in a series of the most delicious *pas seuls*. Then his dance of Astonishment and Alarm

as he sees the waters rising—and afterwards his dance of Joy and Thankfulness at finding himself quite dry! The *Pas de Six* of Noah's Sons and their Wives! And the *ensemble* dancing of the Animals! My dearest, you positively must and shall leave your solitudes and come and see the Kamtchatkans in Scriptural opera-ballet! Only second to *Noé* is *La Femme de Lot*, with dear Sarkavina, in clouds of white, doing a sensational whirling dance as she turns into the Pillar, while that amazing soprano, Seriemalona sings the mysterious Salt Music. Bishops quite *swarm* at these performances. They say they consider it their *duty* to go, and that they never *really* understood the true character of Noah till they saw Ternitenky's beautiful flying leap into the Ark, or quite grasped the personality of Lot's Wife before seeing Sarkavina's Pillar-of-Salt dance.

On *Noé* and *Lot* nights it's correct to carry a little darling Old Testament, bound in velvet or satin to match or contrast with one's toilette, and generally with jewels on the cover; and the Old Testament is quite often mentioned at dinner just now, people pretending they've been reading it, and so on. A *propos*, Mrs. Golding-Newman, one of the latest climbers, excused herself for being late at dinner somewhere the other night by saying, "I was reading Deuteronomy and didn't notice how the time was going." The Bullyon-Boundermere woman was present and, determined to trump her rival's trick, chipped in with, "Oh, *isn't* Deuteronomy *charming*? But I think of *all* the books of the Old Testament my favorite is In Memoriam!"

The Cloak, my Daphne, which is one of the most interesting arrivals in town this summer, is, *à mon avis*, something quite *more* than a garment—it is a great big test of all that a woman most prides herself on! You may see

a thousand women with cloaks on, but how many will be *really* wearing them! As one criticized the cloaks and their wearers in the Enclosure at Aswood one couldn't help murmuring with a small sigh, "Who is sufficient for these things!" People who have the cloak fastened on *in just any way*, my dear, are simply begging the question; in its true inwardness, in its loftiest development, the cloak should be a separate creation, kept in its place only by the grace and knack of its wearer. There should be *character* about it, a fascinating droop, a sweet crookedness that can only happen when it is worn with the art that—you know the rest.

Shall I confide to you my little secret, dearest? Would you know why it is given to your Blanche to be easily best of the few women who do *really* wear the cloak? When I'm ready, all but my cloak, I run away from Yvonne down the stairs; she follows, carrying the cloak, and when she's beginning to overtake me she throws the cloak and I catch it on my shoulders. Result—I'm the envy and despair of all my best beloved enemies!

People have been trying to find new places to wear their watches. A small watch on the toe of each shoe (plain for day wear, jewelled for the evening) had quite a little vogue, though as watches they were no good, for no one could see the time by them. Then little teeny watches on the tips of glove-fingers were liked a little. But the latest development is that Time is *démodé*, and anyone mentioning hours and half-hours is stamped as an outside person.

Isn't this a *fragrant* idea about our not being to blame for anything we do, because it's all owing to the *colors* we live with? Everybody's *charmed* about it. Instead of going to *lawyers* when things run off the rails a little, if one just called in a *color-expert* all sorts of horrors might be avoided, for he would

prove that people are like that owing to the colors of their curtains and upholstery, and aren't to blame themselves, poor dears, the very least little bit! The Thistledown *ménage*, for instance. For ages it's been tottery, because Thistledown never understood Fluffy, and Fluffy, poor little thing, seemed to understand everybody except Thistledown. We've all been so sorry for her, for several times he's been on the point of dragging things into public. And now it turns out that nothing is Fluffy's fault and that, if she hadn't always had her own, own room done in pinky-blue shades, she might have been quite a serious domestic character! T. says, if that's so, she'd better have her own, own room done in some other color, but Fluffy says, No, she likes pinky-blue shades, only he must remember, when he's in-

Punch.

clined to be hard on her, that the pinky-blueys are to blame and not herself.

Then there's old Lady Humguffin, easily the most miserly old dear who ever wore a transformation (she even has a taxi-meter thing in her own motors and anyone driving with her is expected to pay what it registers!). Color-experts say that if it weren't for the frightfully dull dusty purple in which all her rooms are furnished she might part quite freely!

So there it is, my dear! People say there's been no such important discovery since Gallienus—that fearful old man, you know, who said something moved when everyone else said it didn't. (I hardly know *how* I know these things. Please, please don't think I'm becoming a *femme savante*!).

Ever thine,

Blanche.

### THE LATEST THING.

There was in her blood that which bade her hasten, lest there should be something still new to her when she died. Death! She was continually haunted by the fear lest that itself might be new. And she would say: "Do you know what it feels like to be dead?—I do." If she had not known this, she felt that she would not have lived her life to the full. And one must live one's life to the full. Indeed, yes! One must experience everything. In her relations with men, for instance, there was nothing, so far as she could see, to prevent her from being a good wife, good mother, good mistress, and good friend—to different men all at the same time, and even to more than one man of each kind, if necessary. One had merely to be oneself, a full nature, fully expressed. Greed was a low and contemptible attribute, especially in women. A woman wanted

nothing more than—everything, and the best of that. And it was intolerable if one could not have that little. Women had always been kept down. Not to be kept down was still, on the whole, new. Yet sometimes, after she had not been kept down rather violently, she would feel: Oh! the weariness! I shall throw it all up, and live on a shilling a day, like a sweated worker—that, at all events, will be new! She even sometimes dreamed of retirement to convent life—the freshness of its old-world novelty appealed to her.

To such an idealist, the very colors of the rainbow did not suffice, nor all the breeds of birds there were; and her life was piled with cages. Here she had them one by one, borrowed their songs, relieved them of their plumes; then, finding that they no longer had any, let them go; for to look at things without possessing them

was intolerable, but to keep them when she had got them even more so.

She often wondered how people could get along at all whose natures were not so full as hers. Life, she thought, must be so dull for the poor creatures, only doing one thing at a time, and that time so long. What with her painting, and her music, her dancing, her flying, her motoring, her writing of novels and poems, her love-making, maternal cares, entertaining, friendships, housekeeping, wifely duties, political and social interests, her gardening, talking, acting, her interest in Russian linen and the Woman's Movement; what with travelling in new countries, listening to new preachers, lunching new novelists, discovering new dancers, taking lessons in Spanish; what with new dishes for dinner, new religions, new dogs, new dresses, new duties to new neighbors, and newer charities—life was so full that the moment it stood still and was simply old "Life," it seemed to be no life at all.

She could not bear the amateur; feeling within herself some sacred fire that made her "an artist" whatever she took up—or dropped. She had a particular dislike, too, of machine-made articles; for her, personality must be deep-woven into everything; look at flowers, how wonderful they were in that way, growing quietly to perfection, each in its corner, and inviting butterflies to sip their dew! She knew, for she had been told it so often, that she was the crown of creation—the latest thing in women, who were, of course, the latest thing in creatures. There had never, till quite recently, been a woman like her, so awfully interested in so many things, so likely to be interested in so many more. She had flung open all the doors of Life, and was so continually going out and coming in, that Life had some considerable difficulty in catching a glimpse of her at all. Just as the cine-

matograph was the future of the theatre, so was she the future of women, and in the words of the poet, "prou' title." To sip at every flower before her wings closed; if necessary, to make new flowers to sip at. To smoke the whole box of cigarettes straight off, and in the last puff of smoke expire! And withal, no feverishness, only a certain reposeful and womanly febrility; a mere perpetual glancing from quick-sliding eyes, to see the next move, to catch the new movement—God bless it! And, mind you, a high sense of duty—perhaps a higher sense of duty than that of any woman who had gone before; a deep and intimate conviction that women had an immensity of leeway to make up, that their old, starved, stunted lives must be avenged, and that right soon. To enlarge the horizon—this was the sacred duty! No mere Boccaccian or Louis Quinze cult of pleasurable sensations; no crude, lolling, plutocratic dollery of a spoiled dame. No! the full, deep river of sensations nibbling each others' tails. Life was real, life was earnest, and Time the essence of its contract.

To say that she had favorite books, plays, men, dogs, colors, was to do her but momentary justice. A deeper equity assigned her only one favorite,—the next; and for the sake of that one favorite, no Catherine, no Semiramis, or Messalina could more swiftly dispose of all the others. With what avidity she sprang into its arms, drained its lips of kisses, looking hurriedly the while for its successor; for God alone—she felt—knew what would happen to her if she finished drinking before she caught sight of that next necessary one.

And yet, now and again, Time played her false, and she got through too soon. It was then that she realized the sensation of death. After the first ter-

rible inanition, those moments lived without "living" would begin to assume a sort of preciousness, to acquire holy sensations of their own. "I am dead," she would say to herself; "I really am dead; I lie motionless, hearing, feeling, smelling, seeing, thinking nothing. I lie impalpable—yes, that is the word—completely impalpable; above me I can see the vast blue blue, and all around me the vast brown brown—it is something like what I remember of Egypt. And there is a kind of singing in my ears, that are really not ears now, a gray, thin sound, like—ah!—Maeterlinck, and a very faint honey smell, like—er—Omar Kháyyam. And I just move as a blade of grass moves in the wind. Yes, I am dead. It feels exactly like it." And a new exhilaration would seize her, for she felt that, in that sensation of death, she was living! At lunch, or it might be dinner, she would tell her newest man exactly what it felt like to be dead. "It's not really disagreeable," she would say; "it has its own flavor. You know, like Turkish coffee, just a touch of india-rubber in it—I mean the coffee." And the new one would sneeze, and answer: "Yes, I know a little what you mean; asphodels, too; you get it in Greece. My only difficulty is that, if you *are* dead, you know—you—er—are." She would not admit that; it sounded true, but she was sure it was not, because, to be dead like that would be the end of novelty, which was, to her, unthinkable.

Once, in a new book, she came across a little tale of a man who "lived" in Persia, of all heavenly places, frantically pursuing sensation. Entering one day the courtyard of his house, he heard a sigh behind him, and, looking round, saw his own spirit, apparently in the act of breathing its last. The little thing, dry and pearly-white as a seed-pod of "honesty," was opening and shutting its mouth, for all the world

like an oyster trying to breathe. "What is it?" he said; "You don't seem well." And his spirit answered: "All right, all right! Don't distress yourself—it's nothing! I've just been crowded out. That's all. Good-bye!" And, with a wheeze, the little thing went flat, fell on to the special blue tiles he had caused to be put down there, and lay still. He bent to pick it up, but it came off on his thumb in a smudge of gray-white powder.

This fancy was so new that it pleased her greatly, and she recommended the book to all her friends. The moral, of course, was purely Eastern, and had no applicability whatever to Western life, where, the more one did and expressed, the bigger and more healthy one's spirit grew—as, witness what she always felt to be going on within herself. But next Spring she changed the blue tiles of her Turkish smoking-room, put in a birch-wood floor, and made it all Russian. This she did, however, merely because one new room a year was absolutely essential to her spirit.

In her perpetual journey towards an ever-widening horizon of woman's life, she was not so foolish as to prize danger for its own sake—that was by no means her idea of adventure. That she ran some risks it would be idle to deny, but only when she had discerned the substantial advantage of a new sensation to be had out of them, not at all because they were necessary to keep her soul alive. She was, she felt, a Greek in spirit, only more so, perhaps, having in her also something of America and the West End.

How she came to be at all was only known to that Age—whose daughter she undoubtedly was—an Age which ran all the time, without any foolish notion where it was running to. There was no novelty in a destination, and no sensation to be had from sitting cross-legged in a tub of sunlight—not, at



least, after you had done it once. *She* had been born to dance the moon down, to ragtime. The moon, the moon! Ah!

The Nation.

yes. It was the one thing that had as yet eluded her avidity. That, and her own soul.

*John Galsworthy.*

## SCHOOLMASTERS AND SCHOOLMISTRESSES.

There were real tyrants on the earth a long time ago, but we have forgotten what they were like. They were succeeded by very much lesser tyrants, who have also passed away. They insisted that their subordinates should act and speak and think as they told them, and they made them do it. The type of character produced by legitimate opportunities of tyranny is seldom seen now, and, oddly enough, its disappearance is often regretted. Tire-some bores are always lamenting the substitution of counsel for lordship in every department of life, and lamenting also the absence of the deference, discipline, and comparative unity of opinion produced by the impress of single ruling personalities. Something which is essentially English is gone, they say. In this land of freedom there is no one now free to be a tyrant, and we have lost a fine insular type.

The complaint is not so empty as it seems at first sight. The Englishman's capacity for governing is one of his greatest qualities, and we may restrict his personal enjoyment in this matter too much perhaps. The longing for petty power among the classes who once had it is very great. In fact, they would like more than they ever had. How many country gentlemen would like to have the powers of a Highland chieftain of the near past? Would the most radical refuse the offer if it could be made to him? And we cannot deny that such a position of responsibility might be the making of the said country gentleman, whatever its effect on his tenantry. How many ecclesiastics

would like to see Church discipline back? And can we deny that the privilege of ruling might turn many a dull and disappointed rector into a very fine man? If we do not think of the flock, the change might not be for the worse. On the other hand, it might. It is amusing to imagine the effect of even a little power upon the clergy we know. How many readers, we wonder, would really like to censor the Press, and how many men in high places—professional and others—would give five years of life to exercise a little more compulsion than modern conditions give opportunity for? Something is lost through the disappearance of these opportunities, not to the happiness of the majority, but to the picture gallery of representative Englishmen which it is a pleasure to force upon the attention of the foreigner. We have lost something of that strong simplicity which, we are told, now only exists in the Services, wherein men learn of necessity to rule as well as to obey.

But, after all, there is still a large body of civilians in the country whose will is a law to those under them, who settle, as far as it is ever possible for any one to settle, what each of their high-spirited and naturally turbulent subjects shall be, do, and suffer during eight months of the year. The schoolmaster, with his book, his rod, and his power of banishment, represents absolutism. It suits a few characters—as it always did. Some schoolmasters are the very salt of the earth. They are simple people, full of duty, whom absolutism has made indulgent. They know that they can never be effectually

resisted—at any rate never worsted—and therefore they can never be made irritable or spiteful or petty by any show of resistance. They have known no conflict other than that of a game since they were boys themselves. The hideous emulation of the race for money, the ridiculous shifts of social ambition, the disingenuous eloquence of the partisan are unknown to them. The philosophy which served their youth serves them still. They have known objections raised to it, but they were boyish objections, respectfully preferred, and they have striven patiently, not to find a clear answer, but to word one. They are fine men, as a rule, physically as well as morally. They lead a healthy and simple life among happy people. Their manners are those of the governing class because they have long experience of obedience, and their nerves are of steel. Their religion is patriotic and of a kind which can only be fostered in a State Church; their patriotism is religious; their athleticism may be considered the first item of their moral code, which is otherwise a form of Christianity, a resisting form suited to the hard wear and tear of boys. They are very manly men, yet their attitude to the world is in some sense maternal. They are the professional fathers of their scholars—and a father who is always paternal is almost like a mother. The real fathers of the boys are lawyers, clergymen, doctors, politicians, soldiers, and sailors. They stoop benevolently towards their children at intervals—intervals very often of three months. A schoolmaster has nothing to think of but boys.

The man we have been depicting is, we think, the best outcome of absolutism. He is an old-fashioned man. There were many more like him once, setting aside the accidents of his profession. But absolutism does not suit everyone. Schoolmasters get a very

bad name for prigs, and narrow-minded people who lay down the law, who teach in season and out of season, and are never willing to learn at all. They carry a phantom rod into social life as a sort of symbol, and are no true lovers of freedom. In their presence men do not speak their real minds. They fear to be set right. Where great head-masters are concerned the phantom shadow of the coming mitre throws the rod into the shade. The Church of England has known how to make ecclesiastical insignia inoffensive and highly ornamental. Do the Bishops who have been schoolmasters remain schoolmasters? Only the clergy know—or only they and their wives.

It is very easy and very cheap to laugh at the average pedagogue. What would the ordinary man of thought or affairs be like if for eight months every year he lived the life of a schoolmaster? Suppose for fifteen hours a day during nearly three-quarters of every year he had to play an heroic rôle. Suppose he had to be a pattern in the face of a vast family of critical children. Suppose for eight months in every year he found himself a ruler in a kingdom in which he had to know the answer to every question and the rights of every case, to decide the extent of every man's guilt and the nature of the sufferings to be imposed for his correction. Would he remain the modest and charming, receptive and sympathetic person that now he thinks himself? Of course, the schoolmaster is only acting a part, but it is a part which he can never lay down—except in the holidays, and then, such is human nature, he does not want to. Could most of us maintain unshaken belief in the central dogma of a thoughtful man's creed, the doctrine of our own fallibility? Let those boast who have never been tried! Suppose no one ever contradicted us flatly, or laughed in our faces, or

proved us wrong. Should not we begin to think we were always right, and that, even if we knew, they only refrained from it because they dare not? Because they dare not! That is, after all, the crux of the matter. In his heart of hearts a man is more impressed by his own power to compel than to persuade. How rare is the arguer who would rather convince than discomfit!

Whatever the cultivated world may say in its haste about schoolmasters, it still sends its sons to public schools, and is even beginning to send its daughters. Girls are being sent to school once more, and this time not to learn manners and embroidery from an elderly governess, but to be taught, as boys are taught, to get on with their fellows, to take care of themselves, and to develop outside the nest. Is the new public-school mistress also the outcome of absolutism? By no means. First of all, she is not absolute; she has no rod wherewith to uphold her will and no power to blast a career by banishment. So far as discipline is concerned, she can, and ought to, be nothing but an arch-persuader, an expert in cajoling little girls for their good. There is no other method of ruling the feminine spirit. To keep discipline she must trust to her tongue—with it she must be severe, tender, and, if possible, witty. All these things, according to the reports of their devoted pupils, modern schoolmistresses are. Oddly enough, instead of perpetuating an old-fashioned type, as schoolmasters undoubtedly do, the modern schoolmistress is too modern, too receptive. She takes too readily—or so the critical parent thinks—to the new ideas of the moment. She is infected by the spirit of youth around her. She realizes, often too well, that the guardians of youth are in reality its servants, and she worships while she guides. Like a good constitutional

*The Spectator.*

monarch, she wants the world for her subjects, not power for herself. Moreover, the schoolmistress can never disregard, as the schoolmaster to a great extent can, the authority of the parents. Nowadays—so schoolmasters say—it is the mother who concerns herself with the schoolboy, not, as a rule, the father. In the eyes of the master she is very often a charming lady, who knew the boy when he was little and conceived an ineradicable prejudice in his favor—a person to be gently over-ridden. She herself admits to herself that there are many ways in which a man knows best about boys, especially a man who has boys of his own. But no woman believes that any other woman, let alone an unmarried woman, knows as much about her girl as she knows herself, and from the schoolmistress she will stand no arrogance. She may like her and ask her advice. She regards her as a specialist who has made a particular study of girls of school age, but she is not going to give up her child to her in any sense. Only the other day we heard a mother of girls saying that she should not send her daughters to school to a married woman, even if a married schoolmistress could be found. Plainly she feared possible rivalry—and the strong influence of a woman on her own level, so far as the experience of motherhood was concerned. Perhaps she was right. Any weakening of the tie of home over girls, who must, in the course of nature, always find their work at home, would be an unfortunate outcome of the present system of sending girls away during their teens. The modern schoolmistress is a very pleasant person; she knows that she must please, and is not ashamed to try. An absolute woman is always a horrid creature, and to be ruled—in the long run—by children is, after all, the natural fate of a woman, and no degradation to the proudest.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Kate Louise Roberts' "The Club Woman's Handy Book of Programs and Club Management" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) should be worth its modest cost many times over to leaders of woman's clubs; for it not only gives all that it is necessary to know about parliamentary rules, but it supplies varied lists of topics for programmes and discussions, with outlines of papers, and notes on the latest authorities and the best courses of reading. The handbook is the fruit of large experience and its use will promote a concentration of study and energy upon subjects which are practical and worth while.

A slender volume of "Poems," by Walter Conrad Arensberg, comes from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company, and is one of the most interesting collections of modern verse. A meditative rather than a restless temperament is revealed by the poems, a spirit keenly alive to every aspect of beauty, and an unusual sense of the musical values of words. It is the musical quality of Mr. Arensberg's verses which gives them distinction, and many of his cadences are haunting. The French influence is strong here, and there are many translations from that language, with a few from the German and the Italian. Classic thought and literature are no less a fountain head of inspiration to this poet than to others, and several of his classic themes are handled with rare feeling. That which Mr. Arensberg, in one of his poems names as one of the functions of all poets, his own poetry does, namely:

"To make thee weep and so let live  
The spirits who are fugitive  
From the old life eternally  
A while within the heart of thee."

"The Return of the Prodigal" is a volume of short stories by May Sinclair, and is characterized by the same finished workmanship and discrimination which have distinguished her novels. The stories are all careful studies of the feminine mind and temperament, and the situations, which form the pivotal points, are of psychological rather than material interest. Although in the first story (which gives the collection its title) the prodigal is a man, who returns wealthy and successful to a home which he had disgraced, the climax is the effect which his expected return has on his mother and sisters, and the strange illuminating light thrown on their souls. "The Cosmopolitan," last story of all, is as long as a small novel, but belongs in the short-story class by virtue of its singleness of theme. Its heroine is one of the most subtly drawn, finely conceived women in recent fiction, and the revelation of her character, page by page, is unusually interesting. All the stories are worth while. They are worthy of careful reading and study, and form a book that will not be quickly forgotten and cast aside. The Macmillan Co.

Whether Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, in his "The New Optimism" (John Lane Co.) is merely playing with words or is serious in his denial of religion, and the substitution for it of the theory that it was "the energy of matter" that constructed the solar system, and an "explosion of world energy" that created life is not altogether clear, nor does it greatly matter. The average reader will have little patience with it, either way, and will get little

from it. And yet there are passages in it, here and there, which are both sane and sensible.

The class of readers to which President Charles Franklin Thwing's "The American College" will appeal is almost as broad as its title. Only those whose interest in the subject is bounded by the sporting pages of the daily paper are excluded; each of the others, from sub-freshmen to trustees, presidents, and fond parents will be sure to find at least one valuable section in it. President Thwing devotes his first chapter to general definitions. For him the difference between a college and a university is not merely a question of size or of heterogeneity, but a difference in their attitude toward truth; a college is an institution which regards truth not as an end in itself or as something which may be transformed in due season into fees and salaries but as a means for enlarging and enriching character. He defines its functions in greater detail as the giving of a liberal education, the promotion of efficiency, the making of gentlemen, and the training of young men as good citizens of the universe. Chapter two states the ideal qualifications for a president, trustee, or member of the faculty, and insists on the high service which may rightly be expected of them. In the third chapter he discusses from various points of view the relation of the student to the institution in which he is to spend four years of his life and to the intellectual, religious, social, and athletic opportunities which it offers him. The fourth chapter deals with the course of study and the art of wise selection within its limits; and the fifth with the relations of the college to the community in which it is placed, with its finances, and with the question of co-education. The sixth is devoted to testimonials, some inspir-

ing and some merely convincing, as to the value of a college education. The book is written in the clear, direct style which we are in the habit of expecting from our college presidents. The Platt & Peck Co.

An unkind critic of his time has defined the latest change of the drama, English, American and Continental, as a reform producing plays that no woman not sorely in need of reform will voluntarily behold. A less mealy-mouthed person savagely declares that nastiness rules the stage. The man of moderation sees nothing worse on the stage than he finds in the drama of Greece and Rome, and nothing worse than any English or European library can show him among the products of the last half century, and stays away from the theatre to read—what? Ford, Massinger, Jonson? The American, whether critic, theatregoer, dramatist or manager, is perfectly tolerant of any and every species of drama. Mr. Barrett H. Clark's "The Continental Drama" of to-day is academic in its calm. It gives outlines for studying the contemporary continental drama, and is an admirable guide, dispassionate, concise, and many sided. Mr. Clark begins with six of Ibsen's plays and two of Bjornson's, and continues with one each of Tolstoy's, Gorky's, Tchekhoff's and Andreyeff's. Two of Strindberg's, four of Hauptmann's, and three of Sudermann's come next, and after various representatives of the French school, follow representatives of the new Germans, Italians and Spaniards. The author's aim is to consider what is best and most characteristic in the drama of the period. In his occasional paragraphs on the history of the play Mr. Clark really gives a history of the drama. The book is a necessity to all who care about the subject. Henry Holt & Company.